

Atlantic **Insight**

DECEMBER 1979. \$1.00

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sings ~ and sings ~
for the Acadians

In Newfoundland:
HAROLD HORWOOD
captures Ferryland

In Nova Scotia:
How to cook
your Xmas goose



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Atlantic Insight

December 1979, Vol. 1 No. 9



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Cover Story: Shy, tough, vulnerable, strong, Edith Butler is the voice of the Acadian people and, among their folk-singers, "the pioneer." By André Veniot

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HOMER



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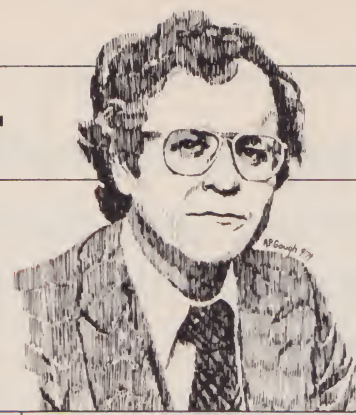
Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

Editor's Letter

A few friendly ghosts of Christmas past



During my Toronto boyhood, Christmas always reminded me and my brothers that we had another "home." It was a thousand-odd miles to the east, at Port Shoreham, N.S., and we knew from summers we'd spent there that, unlike Toronto, it was a place in which you only had to raise your eyes to realize that "something wet and salt creeps and loafs and marches round the continent, careless of time, careless of change, obeying the moon." Those were my father's words. He was a fine poet, and it was at his birthplace in Port Shoreham that, as a boy still in short pants, he first began to string together lines that rhymed. It's almost half a century since he went down the road to Toronto, and the memory of what he'd left became the imaginative fuel for his poetry and fiction in all the long, inland decades that followed.

For us Bruce boys in Toronto, however, "the shore" was not so distant a vision. There were the summers which, for me, began simply as a childhood adventure; ended up as a magnet of the mind; and, 25 years later, drew me "home" to Nova Scotia for good. (My father lived just long enough to approve that decision, and to visit us here.) And there was Christmas. From mysterious down-east sources, boxes of holly arrived each December, and sometimes

oysters and live lobsters. Eeek! These aroused in my parents a degree of Yuletide joy I was too young to understand. (My mother was from Vancouver but her dad was a Nova Scotian, she met and married my father in Halifax, and she knew the festive significance of east-coast shellfish.) More important, however, were the mittens.

We all knew that, every Christmas morn, each of us brothers would find under the tree a pair of mittens from "Grammy Bruce." Come high water or hell—and Grammy, were she still alive, would disapprove of my using that word—the mittens would get through, and they would get through on time. They were among my mother's favorite presents to us but, in my own personal hierarchy of gifts, they ranked just above socks. No clothing, except cowboy suits, could compete with air rifles, table-hockey, toy trains, model airplanes, microscopes, scout knives, flashlights, etc. So I remember the mitts only because, year after year, my mother put in a good word for them. She said they were beautiful, they were superbly crafted, the patterns were lovelier than ever this year, our own father's mother had lovingly knitted them with her own hands, and don't you forget it. I didn't, but sometimes I lost the mitts in January.

Cards, letters and other gifts also came from my father's four older sisters. They were in the States and western Canada and, since Grammy was with Aunt Bess in Edmonton, there was a time in which no Bruces were living at the homestead. That didn't register. I always thought of the mitts as having come directly from the place on the shore road. The little house is still standing and, though my father died in '71, Bess, Anna, Carrie and Zoe get together there every summer. They're all over 80. It was Zoe—who lives in California and, during the First World War, encouraged my father to write poetry—who recently sent me some prose I hadn't known he'd written. It included *Tin Pigs and Raisins* on page 68 of this month's *Atlantic Insight*.

He wrote it in Toronto back in the mid-Fifties. That would be just after I'd reached the age of refusal regarding bright, woolly, "girlish" mitts. The essay may seem an odd thing to run in a topical magazine but I say good prose about Christmas is topical every year. Anyway, I'm the editor around here, and I am my father's son. And a very Merry Christmas to you, too.

Harry Bruce

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Harry Bruce

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Letters

The rail mess

Walter Stewart states the DAR is to be closed down (*There's a Good Reason for the Atlantic Whine*, October). This is just not true. The CTC hearings were about the continuation of passenger service between Yarmouth and Halifax. The DAR has a regular freight service along its entire length. Why should the railway spend upward of \$1.5 million on new equipment so that it can continue to lose \$200,000 a year? There is only one rational decision—abandon the service or get government to pay the losses.

I have ridden the trains to Digby and Yarmouth and found the schedules convenient to make the ferry connections. The inbound morning Halifax train is not so convenient as a commuter schedule. With the exception of a rail-fan excursion, I have never seen more than six riders on the trains. Everyone wants the trains to keep running; no one wants to ride them. Unless transportation policy is planned on a regional basis with each mode assigned the job it does most efficiently, and with a fair profit, the present illogical mess will continue to hinder Maritime development.

David Mardon
 Ketch Harbour, N.S.

Millions well spent

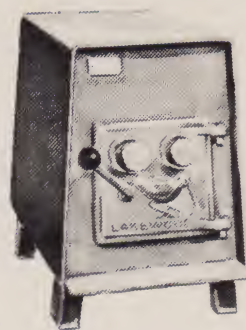
You state "That old time religion. It's good enough for millions" (*Old-time Religion*, October). I say, so what. What about the millions that are taken from unfortunate people through alcohol, tobacco, gambling? You didn't specify the millions that are spent as Billy Graham and his organization travel all over the world as well as the millions that are spent in obtaining prime time television and the tremendous amount spent on advertising materials. I as well as many thousands certainly do not begrudge sending money in to any organization which is changing some people's lives for the better.

Mrs. F. Steeves
 Newcastle, N.B.

In your recent article on the Billy Graham Crusade there were some quotes attributed to me that are somewhat far from accurate. In no way did I ever question Mr. Graham's character, but I do have doubts concerning his theology. The reference to those who were willing to spend money but not willing to become involved was definitely not made to the followers of Mr. Graham since I have no idea who would be his supporters in any large financial venture.

Rev. Gordon MacLean
 Halifax, N.S.

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Peace to the Mowats

Silver Donald Cameron's article *Farley Mowat, prophet* (October) was, for me, the highlight of the October issue. Cameron's admiration shone through and was met with the same from the many other admirers of Farley Mowat, I would imagine. Welcome to Nova Scotia, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat. Let us show real Maritime hospitality and leave them be, so they can live their own life here with us.

C.E. Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

Not wild about Harry

Just as anyone can play himself on stage, your magazine's image can be as easily portrayed by your editorial and contributing staff. Harry Flemming's critique of Sherman Hines' latest pictorial, *A Master Technician's View of Atlantic Canada* (October), speaks more of Mr. Flemming than Sherman Hines. But while we are told that Sherman is not a violinist, who the hell is Harry Flemming?

J. David MacDonald
Halifax, N.S.

On the other hand

Three cheers for Marilyn MacDonald. I must say that she certainly hit the nail on the head in the October edition (*Those Who Go Down the Road Should Stay Down the Road*). If Atlantic Canada is such an economic and cultural graveyard (in the eyes of our western cousins) why is it that our most abundant export (people) tend to work three-quarters of their lives merely to save enough to return here?

Duncan MacIsaac
Queens County, N.S.

I must take issue with Ms. MacDonald's embittered assertions that we all leave to make more money, develop better skills, then return by stealth to knife the natives. Surely a few products of the "me" decade are not enough to justify putting on airs that all outsiders and their habits are grating on the residents. The Atlantic spirit has proven itself over and over, but sometimes we have to do it ourselves. In doing so, I think most of us do retain and take great pride in our Maritime habits. Give me a break, Marilyn—if you promise not to be a small-minded snob I'll promise not to ask for Perrier at the tavern.

Michael B. Burke
North Bay, Ont.

As one of those Maritimers who has gone "down the road temporarily" I was offended by Marilyn MacDonald's column in the October issue of *Atlantic Insight*. I moved to Toronto to further my education. The move has given me fresh perspectives. Despite MacDonald's wish that I "stay down the

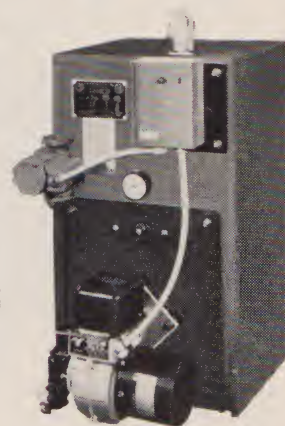
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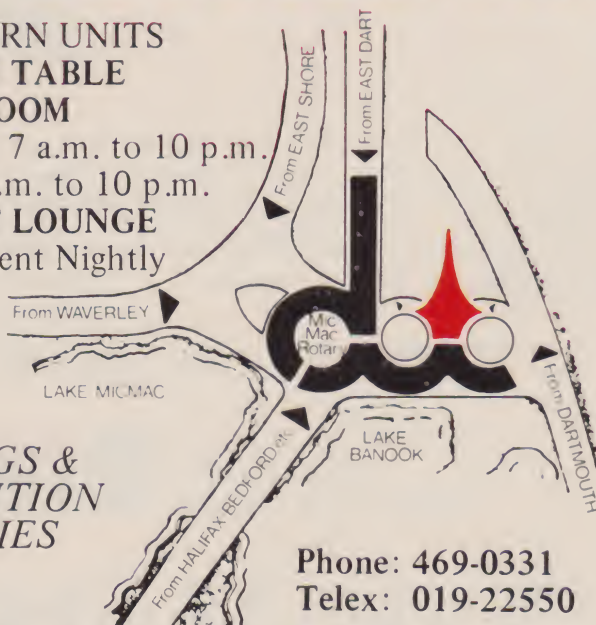
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Letters

road" I'm going to return to a part of Canada I love. May I suggest that she quickly find friends who are not a "pain in the ass."

Marylou Reeleder
Toronto, formerly of
Fredericton, N.B.

More roads to the Isles

In your approach to Cape Breton from the mainland (*Autumn Bliss on the Cabot Trail*, October) you can avoid miles of sense-numbing scrub bush by taking the 347 highway from New Glasgow to Aspen and from Aspen, the number 7 highway to Antigonish. On this route you will see scenic communities like Blue Mountain, Moose River, Garden of Eden, Rocky Mountain, Willowdale, East River, St. Mary's, Newtown, Aspen and Lochaber. It certainly is a better alternative.

John Clyburne
Wolfville, N.S.

Autumn Bliss on the Cabot Trail was interesting but limiting for visitors. Baddeck is only one of the villages on the road to the Cabot Trail. There is also the Ceilidh Trail, scenic route 19 along the shore through Creignish, Mabou, Inverness. Also, Lake Ainslie. The next time you write about the Trail don't copy your thoughts from billboards put up by over-zealous villagers. Give visitors the possibility of exploring new territory.

Norman J. MacPhee
Halifax, N.S.

Small's not dull

The closing remarks of Harry Holman's article *Montague, P.E.I.* (October) echo comments made by Upper Canadians about Atlantic Canada. Small places—if you are resourceful, enjoy people and perhaps own a pair of cross-country skis and have a friend who plays the fiddle—are not dull places in the winter, nor is a liquor store next door necessary for excitement.

R. Algar
Dingwall, N.S.

The nuclear question

Aside from a few technical errors, Linden MacIntyre's report *Nuclear Power: Grim Dilemma for the Maritimes* (September) provides a hard-headed, critical but balanced approach to the topic—right up to the final two paragraphs. There may be good reasons why lay people so easily assume electricity equals energy. But an investigative journalist should be pointing out that electricity, in fact, accounts for less than 12% of Nova Scotia's final energy use. The toughest problems arise in the

huge transportation sector, which employs petroleum fuels for which there are no easy substitutes.

There is no good reason to assume that a decrease in energy consumption must mean a less comfortable lifestyle. Many studies around the world now indicate that there are enormous efficiency gains possible. It's not the desire for comfort which has been the driving force for energy development. Our high levels of consumption have come about because energy has been priced so cheaply that our capital stock of appliances, industrial machinery, cars and homes have not "built in" high levels of efficiency.

The implicit line of reasoning—if we want jobs, prosperity, comfort, then we must go nuclear—is just too simplistic. There are good alternatives, but they require a kind of planning that is responsive to the future, not to unexamined past trends. Politicians and decision makers understandably don't like this kind of uncertainty, but nothing is likely to prove riskier to this province's future than a belief it will be like the past.

*Susan Holtz,
Ecology Action Centre
Halifax, N.S.*

Linden MacIntyre's article is mostly factual except for two statements. Of the Three Mile Island event he says "...despite the media hoop-la and political hand wringing, nothing happened." Everything happened, except for an actual meltdown of the reactor! On power demands, he says perhaps "...people will submit to being less comfortable..." Conservation doesn't mean sacrificing. It means intelligent use of energy and altering wasteful lifestyles.

*R. J. Doucet
Lyons Brook, N.S.*

Not guilty

I take exception to Dalton Camp's column of your November issue, *Rich Newfoundland Will Put Bluenoses Out of Joint*. Good. Such thoughts as he describes have never entered my mind. In fact, I have always considered myself to be a Maritimer of equal status with citizens of our three sister provinces, like a big family with many of the same hopes and problems. If Mr. Camp has had a bad experience with a few so-called "snobs" he has no reason to take out his spite on the rest of us. If those stupid Newfie jokes did start in Halifax, it is to their shame, not credit.

*Melda Mitchell
Northport, N.S.*

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The Region

Boat people in Atlantic Canada: They're settling in, with more to come

The Au family of Saigon reached Charlottetown in a typically harrowing way. They joined 400 others on a boat designed for 100, and set sail for Malaysia. Five days out, the main engine broke down. The boat listed so badly water gushed over the side, and Au Van Thiem, 49, dove into the shark-infested waters to help repair the trouble. Five days later a Dutch steamer took the passengers (three had died) into Malaysia. After three weeks in a government camp the Au family arrived at a UN refugee centre on an island off Malaysia to await clearance to the country of their choice: Canada.

More than 10,000 Indo-Chinese, most of them fleeing Vietnam, had settled in Canada by October, and 16,000 more were expected by next February. Immigration Minister Ron Atkey called Vietnam's treatment of the boat people "a case of genocide" and, after the feds announced Ottawa would back private sponsorship, individuals and groups rushed to help a people facing extinction. In Atlantic Canada, big, small, rich and poor towns welcomed hundreds of refugees. More are still to come.

New Brunswick: By early winter, more than 150 Vietnamese refugees had settled in New Brunswick and, judging from the number of government information sessions, they are only the begin-

ning. Two organizations, Operation Rescue and the Saint John Refugee Aid Association, give sponsors information and financial help. Small towns, often already hard-pressed for jobs and money, have welcomed Vietnamese by the score. Under private sponsorship, some have gone to Cap Pele, Sussex, Hampton, Saint John, Oromocto, Fredericton, St. Stephen. Under government sponsorship, others have settled in Woodstock, Edmundston, Campbellton, Bathurst, Moncton, Newcastle. For sponsors, the challenge is to look after a family for months on end. "We all like to help a little old lady across the street," an immigration officer said in Saint John, "but, in the case of the refugees, we must be prepared to escort them around town for as long as they need help."

But some Vietnamese families are already becoming self-supporting. Vong Senh Diu, Cap Pele, works at the local fish plant and, when it closes for the winter, another job awaits him. On his birthday, his third day on the job, his workmates passed the hat and gave him \$250. Sponsors drop by the Vong house to help his wife and, evenings, a local teacher helps the family learn English.

All, however, is not roses. Moncton language teacher Marilyn Boghan says many government-sponsored Vietnam-

ese are lonely and depressed. "They worry about their families back in the camps," she says. "They worry about not being able to get jobs." Private sponsors can pull strings to get jobs for boat people, but not government. After the Human Rights Commission investigated, the confinement to one room of newly arrived government-sponsored refugees ceased, but much could still be done to make the Vietnamese feel more at home. One man cycles four miles a day, in good weather and bad, to his language class; no one has shown him the bus route. A young mother struggles with a washer and dryer; no one has shown her how to use it.

Prince Edward Island: Nancy Cheverie of the Red Cross says, "Nothing ever affected the Island like this." The Island's response to the boat people has been little short of phenomenal. Per capita, Islanders' donations to the Red Cross program for the refugees is the highest in Canada. "Islanders gave more than Alberta and Manitoba combined," Cheverie says.

An incident: At the English course in the basement of St. Paul's Anglican



Quach family arrives: Out of hot water, into cold weather



New Pals: Allen Kenney, Glenholme, N.S. and Quach

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The Reg

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BOAT PEOPLE IN ATLANTIC CANADA. PHOTO BY JANE. 100-565-7785

2

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If you have the misfortune to live outside Atlantic Canada, but would like to gift certain worthy friends and relatives with our wonderful magazine, please turn to Page 96. And a Merry Christmas to you, too!



PHOTO BY JANE. 100-565-7785

Church, Charlottetown, there's a power failure. The Vietnamese women bundle up, murmur "cold...cold." It's noon and they're sharing ham and cheese sandwiches with local visitors. Father Paul Egan of St. Margaret's Parish drops by. He asks the Vietnamese to help unload a truckload of food that his parishioners have donated at a mass for the boat people: Cauliflower, beets, blue potatoes, carrots, pickles, jam, tomato chow. And boxes of handmade mittens. Spirits rise.

In what Immigration official Bill MacPhail calls "an example of the ecumenical approach by private sponsors," several churches sponsored the 13-member Au family. Four live near the English-language training class and the rest in a Charlottetown suburb. Through an interpreter, Au Van Thiem says of his accommodation, "Even the rich in country do not live in such a place as this." He wants to work in photography and, before '75, ran a photography shop in Saigon. He's never worked in color but says, "I can learn. Failing that, I'll

The first fact about P.E.I.

A girl among the Vietnamese refugees, Nim Ong Pong, wrote the following for her English class in Charlottetown: "I asked my sister, 'What is the famous product of this island with the red soil?' My sister said, 'Do not look down upon this ugly soil. It is fertile. The famous product of this island is potatoes. Oh, you can buy potatoes at a very cheap price, and they are delicious.'"



Van Hon, from away. Far away

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The Region

do anything."

MacPhail disputes charges the Vietnamese will steal Canadian jobs. On the contrary, he says, they'll become entrepreneurs and actually create jobs. New immigrants qualify for incentive programs, and those with no job experience might find seasonal work on labor-short Island farms.

The first days on the Island for government-sponsored refugees centred on Jim Baxter of the Canada Employment and Immigration Commission. "Perhaps I went too far," he says, "and, rather than let them fend for themselves, maybe I was too much of a baby-sitter type." On the night he left the Island,



The first big task is to learn English

the Vietnamese he'd helped throw a party for him. Baxter sometimes had problems explaining to them such facts as "the sewing machine I was giving them was not from me, but from the people of the Island."

Newfoundland and Labrador: Both churches and professional bodies are behind groups sponsoring refugees in St. John's. Memorial University alone spawned four groups. Outside St. John's, the sponsoring effort mainly starts with the churches. Vietnamese families are living now in Labrador City, Marystown, Bonavista and, under government sponsorship, in St. John's, Grand Falls, Stephenville. There has been some criticism that it's mostly those residents who aren't actually Newfoundlanders who've worked hardest for the refugees.

Except in St. John's, there's no provincial co-ordinator of the sponsorship effort. Friends of Refugees, an organization that's largely Newfoundland Chinese, are helping. Some pitch in with translation and English instruction, and offer tips on handling money and where to shop. The Friends get the Vietnamese out and around, sometimes to tea parties and bingo. Dr. Choy-Leon Hew, a Friend, says most refugees still don't even know where Newfoundland is, "But they are adjusting well."

Sponsor Melba Rabinowitz had one family in her home, then took in a second family that had just arrived. The first family interpreted for the second

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and, she said, "It helped." The second family eventually moved to another St. John's household. Rabinowitz says her guests are "very congenial" and her children like their Vietnamese playmates. The newcomers are eager to learn English and, "Even when they're not working on it, they're repeating it."

Freelance writer Peter Harley gives one-on-one English instruction to Ly Bao Sen. "He's definitely learning," Harley says. "His morale is very high and we have a lot of laughs about the difficulties of communicating." Ly and his cousin, who's with another St. John's family, are marine diesel mechanics. Both know boats and, once they've learned English, the odds are they'll have little trouble finding jobs.

Nova Scotia: Boat people began to arrive in September and, by November, more than 200 had arrived. Iris Peeples, refugee co-ordinator in Halifax for the Canadian Employment and Immigration Commission, says community response is "very favorable." Some refugees have experience in small business, the health professions, tailoring, fishing. Privately sponsored families are scattered about the province; the government-sponsored are mostly in Halifax.

Language training remains a problem. An English-language school in Halifax, with room for 80 students, was full by mid-October, with a waiting list. For many Vietnamese outside Halifax-Dartmouth, the challenge of learning English was even more formidable. Still, some were coping. In New Glasgow, a community group got three retired teachers to work with a Vietnamese family. In Bridgewater, St. Joseph's Catholic Parish had trouble finding teachers, but two Cantonese-speaking Bridgewater people serve as interpreters.

Many private sponsors are church congregations that use an arrangement between the Archdiocese of Halifax and the feds. It guarantees instant approval of sponsorship requests from any of the 50 parishes. By mid-October, 15 parishes had asked for Vietnamese families. The Diocese of Antigonish and the United Church have similar arrangements with the government. The problem of matching sponsor requirements with families approved for Canadian resettlement, however, still causes some delays.

Many Vietnamese have already found jobs. Some of the government-sponsored took part-time work to free time for English classes. Enthusiasm for private sponsorship is growing throughout the province. Nova Scotians enjoy the personal involvement with refugees, and sponsoring groups are popping up regularly. "You do something, and you see the result," a Dartmouth sponsor said. "You see a face light up."

—Roma Senn, with correspondents

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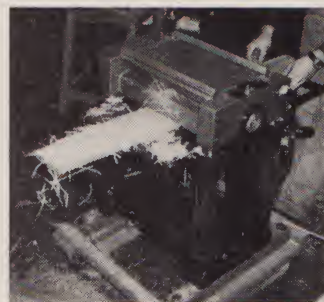
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"This is my father's land," Ron Gay says

After nearly 40 years, he's still fighting the system that took it away

The subject comes up every time Ron Gay, his wife, Jeannie, his brother Bill, and their families get together. The land: How to reclaim the family's land. The property is roughly 1,000 acres on the outskirts of Dartmouth, N.S. How it was lost is a tale that spans two centuries of Dartmouth history. It involves government, business and the classic "little man" who can't get answers from either.

The Gays claim the land has been in the family since 1792. In 1941, the Department of National Defence expropriated part of it—though no money changed hands—and a construction company moved onto the back half and began to haul away gravel. Gay has watched truckload after truckload on its way to the new Fairview container pier in Halifax, and curses a system that he says put his father in his grave.

"My father died trying to get that land back," he says. That's what keeps the brothers going. Until this year, they couldn't find a lawyer who would risk taking the case. Most predicted a court battle that Gay couldn't afford. Last January—on the 13th anniversary of his father's death—he rented a truck and, in desperation, blocked the entrance to

the Steed and Evans Ltd. asphalt plant. (It leases the land from the construction company, Whebby Construction Ltd.) He created an enormous traffic jam along Highway 118 and got arrested for public mischief. He'd hoped the publicity would attract interest from the legal profession, and apparently the tactic worked. Gay beat the mischief charge in September and his lawyer, Bob Carruthers of Shubenacadie, is preparing civil action on the land dispute.

Carruthers intends to proceed under a seldom-used piece of legislation, the Quieting of Titles Act. What the legislation does, he says, is to bring a dispute over property into court, and allow the court to decide rightful ownership. But who'll be involved in the action isn't clear, since neither Whebby nor Steed and Evans will say much about Gay's claim. Whebby's lawyer, Harold Jackson, did come to watch when Gay had his day in court.

It's a big piece of land: The family homestead, at the water's edge of Tufts Cove, stretched north to the tip of Lake Charles. Highway 118 now cuts across the top corner of it. Gay says a parcel at the back of the property was mortgaged illegally, by a man who didn't own it, to a Keeler family in 1860. That parcel was passed down through the Keeler family, and eventually sold to Eric Whebby in 1954. But, he points out, "You can't own land starting from a mortgage." Gay's family has always held the deed.

The hassle with the Department of National Defence dates from this century. Gay's grandfather was dying in 1941, when two men came around to the homestead. The old man's housekeeper, Rita Lowe, who later married his son Cecil (Gay's father), told the men to come back and see Cecil. They never did but a year later, when Cecil Gay tried to enter a piece of the property and was turned back by a military sentry, he found DND had expropriated 400 acres of his land to build a naval radio station.

Cecil Gay fought for 20 years to get his land back. He made several trips to Ottawa, but found bureaucrats unwilling to reopen the case. In 1962, when DND decided it would be willing to sell the land it no longer needed, Cecil Gay hired a lawyer and took his case to the Exchequer Court. The court ruled he had proper title to half the land, but awarded him only \$1,717, a sum he considered an insult. He refused to accept the money. But he did sign away his claim to the DND land. He did this on advice from a lawyer who told him signing the affidavit would help establish his claim to the expropriated land as well as the land north of it, where Eric Whebby had begun to take fill in 1962.

Ron Gay hopes to get his case to court by January. It could be there a long time. The whole thing, says Carruthers, is a "can of worms, to be sure." Even if Gay can prove his family held proper title to the land, it may not be enough. Squatters have rights in Nova Scotia after 20 years. Since the Whebby firm has been on the land since 1962, it could claim possession. For the Gays, then, it's a race against time.

Gay isn't concerned primarily with money, though there's no question the land is valuable. One Dartmouth real estate appraiser says it may be worth close to \$1 million. What worries Gay more, however, is a system that can strip a man of his land, and then watch him die in poverty because he didn't have the money and know-how to get it back. He says it's a system that works against a man such as his father, who innocently trusted everyone he knew: "I know I can stand on any portion of this land, and say, 'Show me your deed.' And they can't do it: They don't have it! We do. This is my father's land. This is what he died for."

—Sue Calhoun



Gay: His family has always held the deed

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Visions of oil profits danced in their heads

Rumblings of the coming boom prove even a rumor can be good for business

Promising facts and heady rumors are goosing the economy of Newfoundland and Labrador, and nowhere is the sweet smell of money stronger than it is in St. John's. Oil companies, during '79, are spending \$260 million on offshore exploration, and that's more than they spent during the entire previous decade. Everyone is so sure of an oil boom now that, even before it's boomed, politicians and others publicly fret about its possible *bad* effects on traditional values. Already, there are both danger signs and exciting spinoffs and, among the spinoffs, an air of self-fulfilling prophecy.

Stuart Peters, vice-president of Crosbie companies, says Newfoundland businessmen have "a smile on their faces, and there's an optimistic viewpoint in the community." The oil busi-

ness buyers are oil newcomers, but the boom-time atmosphere is inspiring some St. John's people to sell their houses for the new high prices. Often, the sellers can't find other houses for themselves. Among apartments, the vacancy rate is under 1% and, in one year, housing costs have jumped 10 to 12 percent. A local developer says an Alberta oil man arrived one morning, looked up a real-estate agent, bought \$300,000 worth of building lots and, that afternoon, zipped back to Calgary.

Hotel space is tight and, once again, there's not only talk of putting a hotel above the downtown Atlantic Place but also speculation about other hotel projects. A Halifax firm has proposed a 350-room hotel just east of city hall. Office space is drying up but, needless to say, hustlers like developer Craig Dobbin are in on the action. He's renting two building complexes to oil companies.

Dobbin recently sold 49% of his helicopter company to Bristow of England, the biggest helicopter company in the world; but he kept 51% and will likely win a contract to supply oil rigs. Meanwhile, new companies to serve the rigs keep springing up. Newfoundland

Offshore Services, for instance. Its owners include Clarke Steamship, McLoughlan Supplies Ltd., Charles R. Bell Ltd., Steers Ltd., Baine Johnston and Co. Ltd., and doctor-investor Harry Roberts. Another new venture is Newfoundland and Labrador Oil Field Services, a collaboration of Newfoundland Tractor and Equipment Co. Ltd., Marystown Shipyard Ltd., Fishery Products Ltd., Baine Johnston, and Lake Group Ltd. With 13 acres of harborfront, Harvey Offshore Services has been supplying oil rigs for years.

But no business upsurge would be complete without the Crosbie group. They recently formed Crosbie Offshore

Services and, to own and operate supply vessels, O.S.A. Ltd. Crosbie Enterprises owns 51% of O.S.A., and a West German outfit bought the rest. Crosbie interests employed nearly 700 Newfoundlanders on work related to oil exploration in '79, and expect to increase their fleet of contracted oil-rig supply ships from three to seven. "St. John's is the gateway to the Arctic," Vice-President Peters says. "Nothing can go to the Arctic, or to the east coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, without stopping here."

After publicity in September about Hibernia 015—a well showing a promising oil flow 186 miles east of St. John's—D.J. Little, president of Mobil Canada, said, "The activity generated by the Hibernia announcement was a little unusual in my experience." An understatement. The activity was a fever, and it had begun even before the announcement. Rumors suggested Hibernia heralded the biggest find in the northern hemisphere, and touched off a flurry of stock buying. Brokers hired night shifts to fill the demands of neophyte investors with dreams of making quick bucks.

Premier Peckford warned Newfoundlanders not to mortgage their houses to buy stocks but some had either already done so or ignored the advice. Others raided their savings. By mid-October, those who'd bought Mobil at the height of the dizzy Hibernia speculation—and sold at the wrong time—had already lost 30% of their investment. Low- and middle-income people, who could least afford it, generally invested between \$1,000 and \$4,000. Some did make money. A St. John's technician bought stock at 66 3/4, sold at 96 3/4, made \$4,600. But his timing happened to be better than that of people like the doctor in Gander who dropped more than \$30,000.

Few wanted to remember certain facts: No one had yet announced a *commercial* find of oil and gas; the industry believes that, to justify commercial development, a find must be "huge"; and, some say, the feds' depletion allowance enables oil companies to turn a profit even by drilling *dry* wells. Even if dreams of a fabulous boom do come true, the results might not all be good. Ian Clark helped to set up rules to control the social and environmental effects on the Shetland Islands of the oil boom in the North Sea and, on a recent visit to St. John's, he warned, "You must either control the development or the development will control you." Still, in times like these, who wants to be a binicky jinker? ☒



Oil companies will spend more offshore in '79 than in past decade

ness eats up so much of Peters' time these days that he's had to quit much of his volunteer community work. Weekly, he sees groups from Houston, Calgary, Scotland, Norway, men who want to get in on joint ventures with Newfoundland firms. At travel agencies, exploration companies are opening accounts at a furious rate, and Cook's Travel World predicts "a terrific upswing in business in the next few months."

Tony Murray, president of the St. John's Real Estate Board, says, "Two years ago the bottom dropped out of the real estate market but now it's a seller's market. We haven't enough houses to sell." He's not sure how many of the

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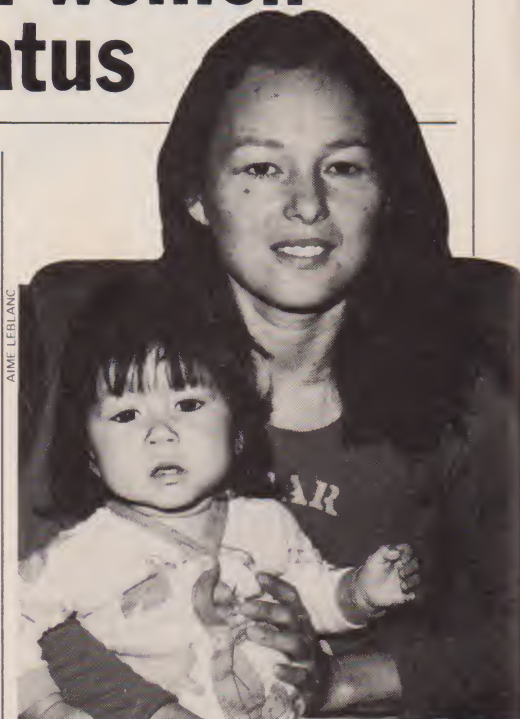
N.B.'s Indian women fight for status

*The deal they want could
help all Canada's Indians*

In a treaty signed at the mouth of the Miramichi in 1794, King George III asked the Micmacs to keep the peace and promised: "Henceforth I will provide for you and for future generations so long as the sun rises and the river flows." It sounded good: A sparsely populated territory in return for perpetual care. And it beat being annihilated like the Beothuks of Newfoundland. But the care has turned into an 80% unemployment rate, \$2,500-per-year incomes, Grade 7 education and no marketable skills. For the Maliseet women of the Tobique Reserve at Perth-Andover, N.B., that means wondering whether it makes any sense to continue keeping the peace. They want a new deal which, they say, will benefit all Canada's Indians.

The women are outraged by a section of the Indian Act of 1951 that bestows government-recognized "status" on non-Indian women who marry Indian men, while stripping Indian women who marry non-Indians of their status. Under the Act, "Indian" is an arbitrary legal formula bearing only haphazard relevance to ancestry. The Supreme Court of Canada blessed the Act's sex discrimination and two years ago Parliament specifically excluded Indians from new rights legislation. The former Trudeau government promised to overhaul the Act in 1969 but went into paralysis in the face of opposition.

"Jake Epp told us within six months things would get started," says 31-year-old Sandra Lovelace, a Maliseet mother of two, divorced from a non-Indian. "Why would he say it if he didn't mean it?" Epp, the new Indian Affairs minister, made the promise last July when the Tobique women showed up on Parliament's doorstep. Lovelace, who wrote to the United Nations in an attempt to regain her status, emerged smiling from a meeting with Prime



Lovelace: The mother teaches the culture

Minister Joe Clark. She's one of about 5,000 women who have lost their status in the past decade. The effect can mean expulsion from reserves, denial of burial rights and loss of status to her children. Lovelace wants retroactive status.

"When I got married, I didn't know anything about status. I was born in Tobique and both my parents were Indian. They didn't tell me about losing my status. I don't think they knew. When we were children nobody told us you're not going to be an Indian anymore if you marry outside your race." At the reserve school, the Indian Act was never mentioned. "We were told to think white, to want to leave the reserve



When your kids suffer, "You start talking to other women"

and pay taxes." At 17 she went to work in restaurants and factories in Maine until she married and moved to California. She bore a son, Christian, and was divorced after eight years. "What was I to do? I had no family in California. I wanted to come home."

Lovelace and her son stayed with a sister, slept in a tent, then joined other women in the summer and fall of 1977, occupying the band council office to protest the lack of housing funds for women. She finished high school in Woodstock and, with a newborn daughter, she moved to an unoccupied jail. With the help of New Brunswick Human Rights Commissioner Noel Kinsella, she wrote to the UN. The UN answered in March saying Canada would respond in 30 days. "I haven't heard anything yet." She lives now in an apartment given her by a friend who moved to Fredericton.

Glenna Perley, a 40-year-old divorced mother of five and a status Indian, fought for six years to get a leaking trailer roof fixed. She saw during the occupation that other women were getting the same runaround. "You can't go to the human rights commissioner [Gordon Fairweather, former Fundy-Royal MP] because the Indian Act is outside his jurisdiction. The family court can't do anything. Indian Affairs can't do anything."

Eva Saulis, 59, led the 1977 occupation. She has two married daughters, one of whom lost her status. "I've lived on the reserve all my life. I've seen what's been happening and when it happens to your daughters—that's when you start talking to other women."

The National Indian Brotherhood, which represents 300,000 status Indians in the country, opposes changes to the women's clause, fearing reciprocal rights would lead to an influx of white men on the reserves and imperil the Indian nation. But Lovelace feels white women are an equal threat. She'd deny status to all non-Indians. "It's the mother who teaches the culture to the children. A white woman is not going to teach Indian culture to her children."

In its October throne speech the federal government promised action. The marchers from Tobique sought 22 reforms including an ombudsman to mediate disputes with band councils and the right of wives to keep their status. Lovelace believes the sections dealing with status were written into the Indian Act to ensure the Indian culture wouldn't survive. "It's not the fact that you lose housing," she says, "it's that you're not considered Indian. I don't care about what I could get. I don't think anybody has the right to say I lose something I was born with because I happened to marry outside my race."

—Jon Everett

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Prince Edward Island

The political football they've kicked too often

It's the veterinarians' college. You heard about it first in the early Seventies

Political strife over locating a new college for veterinarians sounds like the plot outline for a British television comedy but, on the Island, it's no joke. Moreover, it's high on the agenda of the upcoming conference of Maritime premiers. Unless they can agree that they want the school—and where they want it—they may well lose it to British Columbia. If you regard vets simply as people who neuter your cat or hold your pregnant poodle's paw at the crucial moment, this may seem a trifling matter. Yet the supply of good vets can affect your own food bill and, indeed, the economic health of the entire region.

Canada has veterinary colleges in Guelph, Ont., St. Hyacinthe, Que., and Saskatoon. But Ottawa calculated in the early Seventies that, the way things were going, these three schools couldn't produce the number of vets Canada would soon need; and, indeed, that by 1980 the country might well have a shortage of more than 1,000 animal doctors. The feds therefore decided they'd pay at least half the \$25-million bill for building a new school.

Down-east governments, moving to stake a claim, promptly asked the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission to look into the matter. D.G. Howell, head of the Ontario Veterinary College, ran the investigation and, in '75, decided the best spot for the school would be the University of Prince Edward Island. The University of New Brunswick, he felt, was second-best. Nova Scotia's Acadia University was third.

What Howell liked most about U.P.E.I. was its combination of "a sound and growing base in the arts and sciences"; the university's "excellent library and computer facilities"; and the nearby supply of various animals. The Newfoundland and New Brunswick governments endorsed Howell's recommendation of the Island site, and Ottawa supported it in principle. The feds, however, left the final and specific choice up to the premiers and after that, bluenose cowflaps hit the fan.

Gerald A. Regan, then premier of Nova Scotia, insisted the school go to the agricultural college at Truro, N.S.

Unless he had his way, he said, Nova Scotia would wash its hands of the whole project. Among reporters at Maritime premiers' conferences, the fuss soon became a running joke but, last summer, it stopped being funny. Word came that the new Tory government in Ottawa might decide that, if the Maritimers couldn't get together on the matter, the feds would simply abandon it. Times were tough all over. The rumor galvanized pro-Island forces, particularly the new Tory MP for Hillsborough, Tom McMillan.

He told the Commons the project "has now become bogged down because, I must say with regret, we Maritimers have been arguing unduly among ourselves about a site." He urged Atlantic premiers "to put aside whatever parochial interests they may have for the good of the Atlantic region as a whole, and especially for the good of our young people." McMillan believes that if the Atlantic premiers don't come up with a unanimous approach by next June at the latest, feds will either scrap the school or offer it to British Columbia.

Dr. Reg Thomson, whom U.P.E.I. hired from the school in Guelph, may some day be the head of the new college and he makes a powerful case for its importance. He argues that most vets must now devote nearly all their time to treating sick animals. More vets and more research would mean more preventive medicine and that could cut the cost of putting meat on your table. Thomson says roughly a quarter of all pigs die before they reach the slaughterhouse and, in the Atlantic region since 1950, death losses among cattle herds have actually increased. Each loss due to disease means higher food prices. Some hope to see a huge expansion of fish farming in Atlantic Canada and, as Thomson says, vets who know something about keeping fish healthy will be vital to the industry.

It's ironic that, despite Thomson's logic and McMillan's lobbying, the Island government includes doubters. Premier MacLean has appointed a committee to look into the cost of establishing and running the school. (Thomson figures running it would cost \$4 million a year.) Some think the province may just decide that, even with cost sharing by both the feds and other Atlantic provinces, the project is too expensive. But whatever MacLean's committee recommends, the college of veterinarians is one political football the premiers must soon stop kicking. Otherwise, the feds will blow the whistle.

—Kennedy Wells



Thomson: He's a college president, waiting for a college

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What ever happened to the national unity crisis?

It got talked and polled to death. Rest in peace

Almost overnight, the issue of bilingualism and its attendant horrors—Quebec independence, for one—have vanished. Poof. Just like that. The public is sick to death of the subject and, for once, the federal government seems to have twigged to the public's thinking.

Even Quebecers are becoming more and more disenchanted with the issue. They have even better reason. They have been polled to death, not only by Gallup and other researchers, but by the political parties. What the polls boil down to is this: Look, René, your Parti Québécois government is doing just fine. But lay off that independence stuff or you'll be out on your chuff.

Nothing in Ottawa demonstrates better how we've weathered the latest

Confederation crisis (others: 1885, 1917, 1944) than two events: The federal government's speedy acceptance of a special committee's recommendation for use of French in Quebec air space. A few whimpers from pilots and that was the end of the issue which former prime minister Trudeau had described as the greatest threat to unity since the last wartime conscription crisis; and Prime Minister Clark's announcement that there would be no national referendum on Quebec independence. The news didn't even make some of the English dailies and most others put it after the grocery ads.

The policy of bilingualism, introduced by Lester Pearson in 1966, was eminently reasonable. What could be more sensible than that any Canadian be

able to deal with the federal government—income tax people, postal clerks or customs officers, for instance—in his own language? Then the bureaucracy got hold of it and created a labyrinth of dumb-bell rules which produced such inanities as a naval captain spending a year in Quebec City on the taxpayer to become perfectly bilingual and then being posted straightaway to Victoria.

The former Liberal government announced that the language training program in the civil service would end in 1983. But the language schools here are already half empty and the bureaucratic rules which dictate reading, writing, speaking and comprehension levels for every one of the 590,000 civil service jobs are openly flouted. The result will be that Franco-Ontarians, the most bilingual group in Canada, will assume most of the key bilingual jobs, the role they performed efficiently before so many anglos picked up *la plume de ma tante* and the francos countered with *look Dick*, see *Jane* run.

Meanwhile, in Quebec, the arrival of more and more francos in the boardrooms of power—a logical sequence in the quiet revolution—has given Quebecers growing confidence that they really are masters in their own house. Not only is the French-speaking employee able to speak to his boss in French, the boss is more and more likely to be French-speaking himself.

Lévesque's dilemma is that the quiet revolution, in which he was a leading actor, and his own Parti Québécois government have succeeded too well. If Quebec can have most of what it wants in Canada, why split? Plenty of péquistes still don't want any part of a minority situation. They argue, if we're doing well now, think how much better we could do alone. And that is still the threat to Canada.

The independence movement has shot its bolt, but it could be recharged if some understanding is not worked out soon after Lévesque's referendum fails. That time may fall within Clark's second Parliament. The compromise will be like those worked out by you and me and everybody with uppity or abrasive relatives: A civil, even tolerant exchange of cards at Christmas but no back-and-forth visiting except for weddings.

You could only admire the frankness of Supply Minister Roch LaSalle in saying that the Conservatives, like the Liberals before them, were going to use patronage appointments and contracts to get more votes in Quebec. There was

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an even greater gasp of admiration for former Liberal minister Marc Lalonde when he managed to keep a straight face while demanding an apology from LaSalle for suggesting the Liberals had ever employed patronage. While his colleagues rolled on the floor holding their sides, Lalonde told the cameras that he had been deeply insulted by Mr. LaSalle's canard. The last word belongs to former Liberal Fisheries minister Roméo Leblanc who once said, in private, in defence of patronage: "When Canadiens win the Stanley Cup, Guy Lafleur doesn't turn around and give the cup to his opponents."

—The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.

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Harry Bruce discovers a maritime province with a difference: Olive trees and hot weather. It's in the Mediterranean

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What's that on the horizon? Windjammers. With cargo

The Age of Sail is not dead

If you see a 600-foot square-rigger sail into a Maritime or Newfoundland harbor in a few years, you'll probably not be dreaming. She may well be real and, if she is, she'll unload bulk cargo. Sail-driven merchant ships may soon make a startling comeback. Designers already have on their drawing boards 50,000-ton (deadweight) sailing ships.

Ferocious fuel costs, aerodynamic technology and satellite weather reporting are all helping raise great sailing ships from the barnacled depths of the past. Fuel now eats up almost half the cost of operating a big ship. Moreover, oil prices keep right on rising, and the supply may soon be uncertain at any price.

At a recent conference on sail power in London, one expert said, "Five years ago, we'd have laughed at anyone advocating a return to sail, but the spiralling cost of oil has changed all that." A branch of the U.S. Department of Commerce hands out millions in subsidies to American ship

operators and, as early as the 1973-74 oil-price shock, it got interested in the idea of reviving sail power. The recent revolution in Iran and, since then, a 60% oil-price increase add urgency to the search. Dr. James Lisnyk, a senior Commerce official, says modern sails are "advanced propulsion technology." His office has just commissioned a study on "the feasibility of wind-powered ships for the American merchant marine."

Though a 1975 study decided "deep sea commercial sailing ships" could not match the efficiency of steam or diesel "in the near future," it was based on incomplete fuel cost figures from '74. It's now hopelessly dated. In 1978, H.M. Close of the Royal Institute of Naval Architects, decided the price of fuel must double to make even the most attractive sailing ship "economically viable." Since then, the price of fuel has indeed doubled.

If there are few merchant sailing ships now, the reason may be institutional rather than technical or economic. Owners of shipping lines understand steam and diesel power; sails are something their great-grandfathers cast adrift.

The new study by the U.S. Department of Commerce may lay the keel for a technology that exploits the aerodynamic principles in aircraft design, lessons learned in the construction of modern racing yachts, and up-to-the-hour, satellite weather reporting to tell skippers where the best winds blow and how to avoid storms. The study will also examine such problems as low bridges over harbors, the difficulties of docking sailing ships, the shortage of trained sailors for them and, above all, the inertia that resists change.

Future sailing ships may be quite unlike the heavily rigged giants of the past. On the DynaShip, a German design for a square-rigger with 200-foot masts, the masts have no lines, no shrouds to support them. No crew need go aloft. Her stainless-steel yards are fixed, curved like the ribs of a jetliner's wings. They have tracks on which the sails would roll out from the centre of the mast. Crew could set the sails by remote control and just one officer, by rotating the masts with hydraulic winches, might trim every sail on the ship.

Both the designers of the DynaShip and New York naval architect Frank MacLear are sure modern sailing ships can make money for their owners. Last June, MacLear told the U.S. Department of Commerce, "We believe it is possible and economically feasible to put sailing rigs on merchantmen." And Jerome Milgram of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology said as far back as '74 that, although it was yacht designers who'd achieved most of the breakthroughs in sailing technology, "essentially all the [new] technical knowledge is applicable to any commercial ship."

Only last August, Ned Ackerman, a Maine sailor, launched the *John F. Leavitt*. An 83-ton schooner, she can carry 6,441 square feet of sail, and has 6,000 cubic feet of below-deck cargo space. She can take aboard five trailer trucks. It's too early to tell whether Ackerman will make money with his vessel but, even if he doesn't, the fact that someone actually launched a cargo sailing ship in 1979 may be a harbinger of something: The return of an age everyone has long thought was gone forever. The Age of Sail.

— Bogdan Kipling



The DynaShip would average ten to 12 knots



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As a child she ordered her mother to speak French. Now, she's a symbol of cultural renaissance for 325,000 Acadians. She says,

"I'll always be an Acadian, that's for sure." She is

Edith Butler, singer

By André Veniot

If ever there was a natural-born singer, it's Edith Butler. She says, "The woman who 'born' me, *la sage-femme*, 'the midwife,' was called Edith Pinet, and she says I was screaming like hell when she got me out." Edith Butler laughs rich and deep, the laugh echoing off the cement walls of hockey dressing-room number 2 in the Moncton Coliseum. "And then, oh, she said, 'She has a very strong voice, she will be a singer.' So right there, when I came out of mother, I was already a singer." She laughs again, and surely she got the laugh from her father.

Johnny Butler has his own story: "During the war I was stationed in Glace Bay. We were in a boarding house. Edith was just a baby and, when the landlady heard her cry, she said, 'She'll be a singer.'" Johnny Butler, an insurance executive who loves tall tales, laughs too.

It just might be true.

The joking comes easier to Edith Butler, now that she's one of the best singers in Canada (in both official languages). English Canadians remember her from the early Sixties when she occasionally sang in French on *Singalong Jubilee* or, more recently, from watching her on John Allan Cameron's television show or hearing her on CBC morning radio. But for many years, as the sole embodiment of *l'Acadie*, she seemed almost to dominate French-Canadian radio and television.

L'Acadie. Like Armenia, it disappeared as a country long ago but, in the Atlantic provinces, it still survives in the hearts of 325,000 Acadians. For thousands of them, Edith Butler and the songs she sings bring *l'Acadie* alive

once more. And this year, the 375th anniversary of the Acadians' first arrival in the New World, the spirit of *l'Acadie* may be stronger than it has been for generations. It is said that when two Acadians meet, there's music and good times.

It is Thursday, Aug. 9, and on the floor of the Moncton Coliseum, technicians set up television lights, place chairs, check the sound system, prepare for *Radio-Canada's* TV spectacular to mark the anniversary. In two days, the cream of *l'Acadie's* singing talent will perform for the taping: Donat Lacroix,

Calixte Duguay, the group 1755, Angèle Arsenault, actress Viola Léger, a 400-voice choir. And Edith Butler.

So at 7:30 on this cool summer night, she and Lise Aubut, her impresario, walk through the back door of the Coliseum, make their way past the CBC production trucks and onto the arena floor. Edith is carrying her guitar case. She's wearing a straw hat with a paper rose on the back, a calf-length green velvet coat that a friend brought for her from Tibet, grey corduroy slacks, white shoes. Under the coat, she wears a red vest, a striped red shirt, a medal of Saint Edith. (Saint Edith, she laughs, was "the killer of dragons.") On anyone else, the whole outfit would look ridiculous. On Edith's tall frame, it looks good. On Edith, sackcloth would look good.

A man takes her aside. They sit down just to the left of where, in a few weeks, a goalie will deflect pucks. She talks animatedly, her hands moving, waving, stabbing. Even from 100 feet away, and above the noise of the rehearsal, you can hear that laugh of hers. She comes back, and now Lise Aubut talks with him.

The man's a mountie, and he's here because Edith lodged a complaint. While driving her to Moncton, Lise Aubut was caught speeding. But the mountie who stopped her, a woman as it happened, spoke no French. Lise Aubut speaks no English. Frustrated by the language barrier, the mountie sharply ordered Lise out of the car. The command angered Lise, and it angered Edith. Hence, the complaint.

"If New Brunswick is a bilingual province, and the RCMP works for the province," Edith says in her own, lilting, accented English, "then they should also be bilingual."



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

On some, her clothes might be absurd. On her, "sackcloth would look good"

Finished with Lise, the mountie walks over to Edith, shakes her hand, says, "Bonne chance."

He's been charmed.

She was born in 1942 in Paquetville, northeastern New Brunswick, the Acadian heartland. She was the first of Johnny and Loretta Butler's five children. Mrs. Butler and Edith, then six months old, joined Johnny in Glace Bay, where he was a mechanic with the RCAF, and it was there that Edith learned English and became partly assimilated. She wouldn't realize this was a problem until the war was over and, in 1946, the family came home to Paquetville. She was four.

"One day," she remembers, "my mother spoke English to me. I got mad and said, 'I don't want you to speak English to me anymore,' because it was giving me trouble with all my cousins who couldn't understand a word." Her laugh sounds like a brook, dancing over rocks. She would not speak English again till she was 18, and it was this frustration over not knowing the People to whom she belonged that led her to dig for her roots.

"All the people around us were called Cormier, Theriault, Boudreau.... All Acadian names. But ours was Butler. That was a strange Acadian name. So I started doing research, to find out how come we were called Butler, and not LeBouthillier.... I don't know, something more Acadian." She tracked the family back four generations to a dead-end on the island of Jersey, off the coast of France. Jersey was under British control but, "The first Butler who came here spoke French, because my grandmother, who's still alive today, knew him when she was a small girl." Vindication. Even Butlers could be Acadian.

It was Paquetville that "reassimilated" her, gave her a love for l'Acadie, the land of the Expulsion, of Evangéline

On stage, "I am freer in a way....

and Gabriel, of mythical giants and the sea of the fishermen. She sat in a corner of her father's general store and listened to men who sang the sorrows and joys of the past. It was also in Paquetville that she first knew stage fright:

"I was to sing for Mother's Day at school. I was on the stage in white shoes, white socks, a white dress and white ribbons in my hair. I panicked. I couldn't sing. So the nun who showed me the song was behind the curtain, and she started singing, thinking I would sing with her. But I didn't. I just moved my lips. All through the song I just moved my lips and the nun sang for me. It was my first lip sync." Her green eyes dance at the memory.

She was shy, and found solace in wood carving, a craft she continues to this day. Wood was "the only thing we could get free, because some of the wood was broken, so father used to give us that. Very young, we had a little saw, hammer and nails, and we'd build little houses, little trucks, things like that." She wanted to be a sculptress, but that was not to be. At Notre Dame de l'Acadie college, Moncton, a nun heard her singing, typically alone, in her room. The nun encouraged her to sing for the other girls. Word of her voice spread. She sang at the boys' college too. She knew three songs. Her career had begun.

Day Two of rehearsals. Singers, dancers, band, choir run through the opening number. For the sixth time. After a few bars, a production assistant raises his arm. Do it over. Groans. Long faces. Lise Aubut, short, blonde, blue-eyed—her brown leather jacket zipped against the coolness of the Coliseum—doesn't like the opening at all. It's too slow. More importantly, Lise thinks the show should save the best for the last, and the best is Edith. They'll tighten the opening number, but the entrance will stay the same. Lise doesn't like that.

She's been Edith's manager, co-writer, friend for seven years. Some say she's too demanding, but add, "It's because of Lise that Edith's a professional." Edith agrees. "Before Lise," she says, "I had agents who wanted to change my name because it wasn't Acadian...They wanted to change my singing, my songs. But Lise emphasized all the characters in me, the little details in me. My long arms. Instead of trying to cut them short, she made them look even longer. She emphasized everything. She has done a very, very good job with me, and I have complete confidence in what she tells me to do, or not to do."

They are a perfect combination: A



....and a slave in another way"



Cover Story

hard-nosed businesswoman who doubles as a lyricist; and a willowy brunette who sings of her passion for a land without borders. "When I met her," Lise says, "she was extremely timid. She sang with a guitar and wore a ponytail, but she had extraordinary presence. I wanted to see what she could do onstage." Since neither was happy with the way Columbia Records promoted her first two albums, they formed their own label. "We put all our money into it, and we didn't have much," Lise remembers. "Sometimes we had to stop recording and do concerts to help the company."

proud people, performing for local radio and television, singing in small halls in small towns. Donat Lacroix, the singer-poet of the sea, says Edith was "a pioneer. She broke the road for the rest of us." Singer Calixte Duguay says, "She's the biggest interpreter of Acadian songs we have."

Then, at the world's fair in Japan in 1970, she sang for six months. "When I came back, I realized I had *l'étoffe*," she says. "I could do it, I liked it, I had the physical and mental force to cope with it. It's very, very hard. You need strong nerves to do that....You are a public figure, and you can never make a false

draws a shawl around her body. "We always have to exile ourselves," she says, echoing the complaints of thousands who've left the villages of Atlantic Canada.

Her determination to succeed outside l'Acadie lost her some local fans. "These people had visualized me as a young girl with a ponytail singing folk songs. Well, you can't be a young girl with a ponytail when you get over 30. Here I am, over 30 years old, and I don't want to be ponytailed anymore. I'm not 18. I'm a woman." With a kind of defiance, she shakes her long hair.

She is defiant, too, about going to the States to sing in English within the next two years: "I had work to do, and now the work I did is done. I cannot do more. Now the doors are open and the young Acadian singers, there's a place for them. If I can keep on doing it, I will repeat myself....I'm not saying I will change radically. I'm just trying to find another way to keep on doing my career as a singer. I'll always be an Acadian, that's for sure.

"But I have to react against a certain group of people that think the only thing I've done is exploit l'Acadie. That I cannot accept, when they tell me that. I have 17 years of my life...*consacrée*, given to that cause. So now, I think I will think of me. I think I deserve that I can think of me."

As Acadian society has changed, so has Edith Butler, and so have her songs. Her early albums dealt with the past. Her fourth is called *L'Espoir*. "We started getting right," she says. "Something happened for us to have hope. So then I realized that maybe there was something coming on, so I started to change, to go towards that...that fate of hope. Except for this last record, *Asteur qu'on est là*, 'Now that we are here.' This is not so much hope. It's sort of...it's a fact, that we are here. And we are here forever."

Her voice deepens, suddenly takes on more authority: "So people have to put into their heads that we will *not* be assimilated, and we will *not* let ourselves be assimilated." And a long time ago in Paquetville, a little girl told her mother to speak French.

"I think, as a singer, I always have a



Other Acadian singers call her a pioneer

The rehearsal stops. Edith and Lise walk backstage to the yellow walls of the hockey dressing-room. Edith is tired, pale. The smile is gone. She feels a cold coming on and, anyway, she doesn't like to work too hard before a show because "you lose a certain kind of energy." She wraps herself in her velvet coat, lies down on two card tables, puts her purse under her head, tips her straw hat over her eyes. "Do you want anything?" Lise asks.

"A tea, get me a tea."

She got her master's degree in French-Canadian folklore from Laval University, then taught school in Bathurst. But her singing fame was spreading and, from 1962 to '70, she did it all, breathing life into dead legends, bringing pride back to a once-



One says, "She broke the road for us"

move because you are sort of an example to everyone. You have to be exemplary all the time."

Does she lead an exemplary life?

"I think so, I think I'm a good woman." She laughs again.

Her life as a professional singer led to the breakdown of her marriage to Robert Grenier, scuba diver and archeologist: "He was always in the sea somewhere....And me, I was always travelling around the world with my singing. After five years we realized it was a strange life for married people, so we separated. On good terms." While her marriage foundered, her career flourished. Still, she says those first five years in Montreal were her "dark period." Montreal was not home, not l'Acadie. The memory of her first years in Montreal seems to make her cold. She

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responsibility to say things, and I think now we are ready. We are ready emotionally, we are ready financially, we are ready culturally and intellectually. The only thing we need now is for other people of the world to accept us."

"It's very difficult being dispersed." Other Acadians have known the feeling.

Two hours before the show. The first of 7,000 people are already trickling into the Coliseum. The performers have butterflies. Some pace, others fidget. Still others peek out at the audience. Edith sips a cognac in her dressing-room, uses a curling iron on her hair. "Usually," she says, "I don't drink cognac but today I need just a little bit, just a little shot to give me some energy to do the show." She's nervous, too.

A radio reporter comes into the room, tape recorder dangling from his shoulder. His sudden appearance ruffles Edith. "I have just one question for you," he says. "You don't have to answer me now. You can think about it during the concert. It's this: Are you doing this for the money?"

Some say Edith has turned down fortunes rather than do what she

doesn't believe in doing. She has been singing her love for l'Acadie for 17 years and now, on this 375th anniversary, a man with a tape recorder asks if she's performing tonight for the money?

Edith says, "Can I answer you anything at all?"

"Sure," the reporter says.

"Good. How would you like a kick in the ass?"

The reporter leaves.

Curtain time. The theme music begins. Edith steps onstage. The spotlights pick her up, and the audience roars. She is *their* Edith. She is *la fille à Johnny*. (When she gets onstage anywhere, she has said, "I feel that my aura is much bigger than when I'm eating with my father and mother at home. I am freer in a way and a slave in another way. It's another facet of me. What the people see onstage is not the same girl they see at home, but it's the same one at the same time. It's another side.")

Then the others come onstage each to his or her own theme. An extract from the play *La Sagouine* sets the tone for the night: "We have three centuries to catch up on, and a history to tell our

descendants. Get out of the woods and take your place in the sun." And tonight, all the songs say the same thing. *On est ici pour rester*, "We are here to stay."

The next to last song is Edith's, and she sings of l'Acadie as if it were a wounded bird cupped in her hands, her voice at times soothing, other times painful, but always gathering strength and, at the end, she flings the bird to the skies. To be free. As l'Acadie is, and always will be.

While the applause rolls on and on, she steps over to the centre-stage microphone. There's something she wants to say to these passionate people. She steadies herself. "We are celebrating our belief in ourselves," she says. "We are a living people, and we are ready for our liberty." The ovation thunders in from the rafters, down through the seats, across the floor. It sweeps the stage, then dies.

The crowd knows there's one more song. It's "L'Hymne à L'Espoir," written by Edith, Lise and Angèle Arsenault. Edith starts, and the others join her in this anthem of hope, not just for Acadians but for people everywhere.

*Un jour, un jour peut-être
Quand nous aurons briser nos chaînes
Je te dirai comment je t'aime
Du côté de mon coeur*

*Un jour, un jour peut-être
Tout l'univers sera pays
Je vois venir la fête
Du côté de la vie*

*L'espoir à nos fenêtres
L'espoir qu'un jour peut-être
Le soleil pourra se lever
Du côté de la liberté*

Now, thousands of Acadians are on their feet, cheering, waving flags, wanting more and more. It's no longer a concert. It's a celebration of 375 years of survival against all odds. Around Edith there's laughter. People thrust pens and paper at her. She loves it. "I like to see the people I sing for. I'm just fascinated by the discovery of oneself, of people around me. They make me realize things, and this is the kind of communication that turns into love of humankind."

At last, she heads backstage to change. She walks between her parents, and suddenly throws up both her long arms, like a champion prizefighter, and she shouts:

"Whooooo! Un autre dans le sac!"

They walk on to the dressing room, laughing all the way. It's only natural. They're Butlers.



With *La Sagouine*, folklore mother image....



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They enchanted Parisian critics

Together they can play more than 20 musical instruments—not counting quahaug shells and spoons. But that's not the only reason **Beausoleil Broussard** is making an impact on the international music scene. The sea and people of *l'Acadie* are the inspiration for the four-member group: Isabel Roy of Caraquet, N.B., Jean-Gabriel Comeau of Church Point, N.S., Claude Fournier of Bathurst and Jacques Savoie of Edmundston, N.B. Their first recording won *Le Prix de la Jeune Chanson de France*. On a tour of France to promote their second record last spring, they enchanted the critics. "Go hear Beausoleil," Henri Quiquere wrote in *Le Matin*, "they reach directly to the heart." The group got its name from an early settler who led a mutiny against soldiers at the time of the expulsion of Acadians from Nova Scotia and established an Acadian colony in Louisiana. "He had a little more color than Evangéline," Savoie says. A third Beausoleil album, *Le Mitan du Siècle qui s'en vient*, appeared this fall. Like its predecessors it's full of the group's unique sound—a sound as maritime as it is Acadian.

New Brunswick baseball fans owe their knowledge of "The Mighty Cuffy," who hits "small white meteors," to **Dave "Butts" Butler**. Butler is also the creator of wily "Spider Woods," who "comes on in the dying innings," and "Rapid Ray," who "cannonades" the ball down pitching lanes. Butler himself is at least as interesting as his inventions.

He bats out 2,000-word columns without straining and amazes himself with thoughts like this: "You know, in five years I've written more than Dickens." Relying partly on wit and partly on a phenomenal memory, he writes for the *Moncton Times* and *Transcript* and north shore papers. A local ballplayer says, "Dave's the only guy I know who can backtrack after the ninth inning and give you a complete game replay from memory." Butler sometimes hangs out with the likes of Miramichi novelist Ray Fraser and Fredericton poet Alden Nowlan, and began his own writing career as a poet. He didn't start sportswriting till '74, and says, "My first musings were sent to a Montreal poetry mag with the unlikely name of *Intercourse*." Oh well, *Intercourse's* loss is sportswriting's gain.

Last July **Max Ferguson**, 55, was at his summer home at Neil's Harbour, Cape Breton, and he wouldn't talk: He explained, very politely, that Neil's Harbour was a retreat. Now he's back at work—sort of—in Toronto and happy to talk, even while baking bread. These days, the work is part-time. He does a satiric look at the news on Don Harron's CBC radio program, *Morningside*: "It's mainly to keep in practice with doing that kind of humor." He accepts speaking engagements here and there, does the occasional bit of film narration and appears in a couple of commercials. "I'm still trying to work out the ideal mix of work and retirement and of Toronto and the Mari-

times," he says. Last June, Ferguson married Pauline Janitch, a story editor with *Morningside* and former interviewer with CBC television in Halifax. They live in northern Toronto, near a ravine that Ferguson explores daily with his two Airedales, Buff and Barney, and the dogs seem to reflect Ferguson's mixed feelings about the city: "Buff was raised in Toronto," Ferguson explains, "and he's used to city ways. But Barney grew up in Neil's Harbour running around with all the other dogs there—he's a real roughneck. I'm not sure I'll ever get him trained for the city."

Chris Peet, 22, grew up in Grand Falls, Nfld., where the tallest building had three storeys. But he was fascinated by cities. So with his "wild and wonderful imagination," he created models of "what wasn't outdoors." Without access to real examples, he pored through books for ideas, and built several hundred detailed miniature cities. Now in his final year at the Ontario College of Art, Toronto, Peet enjoys so many art forms—painting, weaving, drawing, graphics—"I don't know which one to go at first." He'd like to return to Grand Falls because "no matter which way I turn, my work is influenced by Newfoundland." Some of his work is at Grand Falls' museum and he'd like to work there as an artist. Peet's interests "change very quickly": He once considered a career in medicine. With a high-school average of 99, he was chosen to attend the Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific in B.C. But he says he'll never give up painting and drawing. Through his art and "passion for culture" he attempts to show that "what we have [in Newfoundland] is worth preserving."



Peet: Some day, home to Grand Falls



Santa was in the French Foreign Legion

Dress him in a fur-trimmed, red velvet costume and **Alex Shumate** of Murray River, P.E.I., would be everybody's idea of Santa Claus. He also happens to be the Island's leading toy maker and his background includes a year as pistol instructor with the French Foreign Legion, and several decades as a pianist and arranger with the U.S. Army Band. Shumate, who comes from St. Louis, Mo., started visiting P.E.I. 30 years ago because it was his mother-in-law's home. When he retired from the army in 1968, he moved his family to Murray River and converted his longtime hobby of making wooden toys into a full-time business. He started in the cellar, moved to a small barn, now builds extensions every year. He and his wife employ four local girls and ship toys, games and puzzles made from P.E.I. pine to every province in Canada and parts of the United States. Last year he added a retail outlet in the barn for the tourist season and it did so well the toy-making machines are pressed for space. Shumate says he's now as big as he wants to be, but feels there's a wide-open market for well-made wooden toys to compete with "that plastic junk."

Instead of filling *Our Maritimes* with "a lot of scientific stuff," authors **Millie Evans** and **Eric Mullen** decided on a storybook approach. They have strong feelings about preserving the natural scenery but "we wanted to avoid lecturing," Mullen says. The book takes readers on an off-the-beaten-track tour of the Maritimes. Evans, who lives near Halifax and Mullen, from New Grafton, Queens Co., know the region inside and out and say "it's the only book we could have written in six months." The pair run a biology consulting firm and they've written "hundreds of thousands of words" together on nature. Each edits the other's work and "we don't fight much anymore." But if a disagreement crops up, "I go out and split wood," Evans says. They call themselves middle-class dropouts. She taught school, he was a provincial civil servant

but neither liked the nine-to-five routine. They'd like to write more specialized outdoor books together. Though they're not getting rich, they're happy "doing something we think is important," Evans says. And they still have time for bird watching, canoe trips and "drinking coffee on the front steps at 11 a.m."

When **Vance Cameron** of Summerside, P.E.I., was a 13-year-old hanging around the local harness racetrack, his ambition was to "call" a race at the Charlottetown Driving Park. Now 19, he's made it and the only question is, where does he go from here? Cameron, who still attends high school in Summerside, became the regular track announcer in Charlottetown in May. He called the Gold Cup and Saucer Race during Old Home Week on national TV and was at the mike when the continent's greatest drivers appeared in Charlottetown to raise funds for the



Cameron: A home-town boy at the track

family of a dead colleague, Francis MacIsaac. Vance first went to the races in Summerside with his grandmother. He started training himself to be an announcer with an old race program and a tape recorder at 14 and at 17, called his first real race. A year ago he was in the announcer's booth when his sister Lynn became the first local woman to rein a winner at the Summerside track. The really big money in track announcing is outside P.E.I. and the Maritimes, but Vance says "I'm a home-town boy, and I've got a lot going for me now."

Space fascinates Halifax artist **Kate Sasanoff**. So much so that she's trying to get in on the U.S. space program. For several years she's been in close touch with NASA in an attempt "to get art and science closer together." She wants to get an art work into orbit with a space shuttle, and she's working out an art program for astronauts in training. She thinks art would help relieve tension on long flights. Sasanoff also wants to ensure that "art goes up there" when space settlements begin. For too long, she believes, art has been "alienated from everything." Artists must get more involved in what's going on and space is where the future lies. A Halifax gallery has shown her NASA work and there's a new show coming. Born in New Jersey, Sasanoff, 29, came from an artistic family—her father created Bugs Bunny—which believed science was an "enemy of art." But she's sure a lot of the mistakes made on earth won't be repeated in space: "We don't want to bring New Jersey with us."



Sasanoff wants to see art in orbit

Boston, sweet Boston

A sentimental journey to the city of so many of our old dreams

By Stephen Kimber

A song by Paul Simon of Simon and Garfunkel describes a Maritimer leaving home to head down the turnpike for "New England, sweet New England" and, for generations, thousands of Atlantic Canadians have been making that journey, leaving luckless towns to seek fortunes in the Boston States. Every summer, they'd come home to flash their fine cars and factory-made fashions and to fire the fantasies of nephews, nieces and cousins. Those younger relatives, having been raised to understand that baseball was the Red Sox and real music was the stuff that boomed in from WRKO in Boston, found that turnpike for themselves.

They soon discovered that the cars and clothes were bought on time that never ended and that the city streets were paved with asphalt rather than gold. It didn't matter. Boston bustled, its buildings scraped the sky, and—most of all—Boston wasn't Sussex or Yarmouth or any of the dozens of dull Atlantic towns they'd fled. Boston, more than Toronto or Montreal or New York, has always been *our* big city.

Fresh out of a job, with a few plans and fewer prospects, I first headed down that turnpike for New England, sweet New England in 1975. By chance, I arrived in Boston exactly 200 years after Paul Revere had galloped off to warn his countrymen that the British were coming and the city where the Revolution began was alive with an acute sense of its role in American history. I wandered down to the Old North Church (two lanterns in the steeple on April 18, 1775, had been Paul Revere's signal to begin his famous ride) to watch President Gerald Ford kick off the city's pre-Bicentennial celebrations. I found a pageant of protest unimaginable in even the most self-consciously cosmopolitan Canadian city. Every group with a cause in cause-crazed America had come down to the narrow, crowded streets of Boston's North End to tell Ford, each other, and the world what was on their minds. While the street hawkers peddled Bicentennial kitsch and local residents hung out of their upper-floor windows to shout encouragement and Italian curses, Arabs argued with Jews, Greek Cypriots

slurred Turkish Cypriots, anti-abortionists screamed at pro-abortionists, anti-busing fanatics decked pro-busing protesters, and the Maoists abused anyone who wasn't already engaged. Unnoticed by almost anyone except the television cameramen and nervous secret-service agents, Gerald Ford slipped into the church, offered a few homilies on the greatness of America and then hurried back to the White House. Ah, New England, sweet New England.

The days and nights of that first weekend spilled over into one another like drunks on a rush-hour subway. There were all the ethnic eateries to be sampled, all the movies that would never make it to Halifax and most of all, a couple of million pinched and pretty, elegant and eccentric faces to be watched. That's why Maritimers still come to Boston—to touch, taste, smell, and feel the touches, tastes, smells, and feels to be found only in the big city.

Boston seems like New York without the fear. It's San Francisco without the distance, Montreal without the language hassle, Toronto without Hogtown boorishness. Boston is where many of our ancestors—New Brunswick's United Empire Loyalists and the Annapolis Valley's New England planters—came from.

At some point during that first weekend, I fell in love with the city and with the woman who is now my wife. She'd been born in New York but had lived in Boston for six years and, until Nova Scotia changed her mind, thought she would stay there forever. This fall—nearly five years, four jobs, three houses, two cities, and 1.5 children later—we went back to see the city with fresh eyes and indulge ourselves in another Maritime tradition: Buying in Boston.

While poor Maritimers went to the Boston States in search of a better life, their well-heeled cousins flitted in on weekend excursions to pick up pricey odds and ends they couldn't find back home. For fashionable families, Christmas wouldn't have been Christmas without a shopping spree on Newbury Street in Boston's Back Bay. Until 1860, Back Bay was just the tidal mud flats of the



"Our" big city, it scrapes the sky

PHOTOS BY CUSANO/INSIGHT



Its streets bustle, clang...



...and overflow with ethnic food...

Charles River but now it's an exclusive enclave of beautiful homes, trendy boutiques, expensive department stores, specialty galleries and high-rise office towers. While ladies of means perused racks of exquisite designer creations in Bonwit Teller, their husbands wandered over to the Brooks Brothers shop across the street and their kids drew up outrageously long Christmas wish-lists from the displays of life-sized dolls and miniature drivable cars at F.A.O. Schwartz. Even if you can't afford the prices, Newbury Street is still worth the walk. The Magic Pan (47 Newbury Street), a café specializing in crêpes, is a good place for a reasonable lunch and a view of fashionable Bostonian shoppers.

Atlantic Canada now boasts its own fair share of fashionable boutiques and the once easy-to-buy Boston bargains have become—thanks to made-in-America inflation—as scarce as a familiar face in Manhattan. Put that together with the shrivelled buying power of our own dollar and there really isn't the flimsiest rationale for a Boston buying binge anymore.

But even among fashionable Maritime families, shopping was always just an excuse to spend time in Boston. You can't "do" the city in a day or even a week. You could eat up an entire day gorging yourself on the ethnic delights

jammed into a block of food kiosks at Quincy Market. Or lose yourself in history for an afternoon, wandering along the brick sidewalks and cobblestone streets of Beacon Hill, the oldest neighborhood in the United States.

It would take a week to do justice to Boston's dozen famous museums, devoted to everything from Afro-American history to contemporary art. Even then, you might not find time for the Children's Museum, where kids can try on old clothes in "Grandmother's house" and play games with a computer, or the Mapparium where you can get a view of the world from "inside" the globe.

At night, Boston's entertainment possibilities range from the Boston Symphony to big name rock and folk acts. You can often catch plays that, with a little rewriting and a lot of luck, will end up on Broadway after their tryouts at Boston's Shubert, Colonial and Wilbur theatres. At the Proposition in Cambridge, you can suggest a sketch—perhaps something about Maritimers in the Boston States—and watch bright young actors strut their stuff with your idea.

We'd planned our own whirlwind visit as a combination shopping and sightseeing expedition. I fancied it as a kind of second honeymoon and figured we'd stay at the Ritz-Carleton, the grand old lady of Boston's grand hotels.

Arthur Frommer's Guide to Boston describes the Ritz as "one of the last bastions of proper Bostonianism, where understated elegance, conservatism, and a proud adherence to tradition are the order of the day." It was booked. In descending order of favor, so were the Copley Plaza, the Colonnade, the Sheraton Boston, 57 Park Plaza, The Parker House, the Midtown Motor Inn, the Logan Airport Hilton, the Holiday Inn and half a dozen others whose names now escape me. What Arthur Frommer forgot to mention is that Boston in the fall is crammed with convivial conventioners and little old ladies from the South taking what are called "New England Foliage Tours."

We ended up at the Avery Hotel "overlooking Boston Common in the centre of shopping and entertainment." Since we were arriving at different times, my wife and I agreed that I would check in and then wander over to Cambridge to explore the miles of aisles of books in the Harvard Coop. After my wife dropped off her luggage, we would meet for a *szechuan* (the spicy fare of northern China) lunch at Colleen's, a Cambridge restaurant run by the wife of a man we were assured was once "the Cary Grant of Chinese movies." Then we'd begin our exploration of the city.

But as soon as I lugged my suitcase out of the subway and into the street near our hotel, I knew we were in trouble. "B 21 or B Gone," one sign said. Another offered, "24-Hour Live Nude Revue." The Avery Hotel is hard up against the Combat Zone, Boston's porno and sin section. It was only 10:30 in the morning but already winos were using our hotel building for balance. The hotel itself had long since passed the point where it might quaintly be referred to as dowdy; the carpet in our room was covered in week-old ashes and the walls had month-old smudge marks. In the lobby, the women who come and go do not talk of Michelangelo. While the Avery might be just the place for other circumstances, it didn't seem right for a second honeymoon with your pregnant wife. I decided to pass on Harvard Square.

After lunch on Newbury Street—to see how the other half was making out—we repaired to our hotel room, double-locked the door and spent the rest of the afternoon frantically and futilely calling every hotel, motel and guest house within a 25-mile radius of the city to find out if they'd had last-minute cancellations. They hadn't. In the end, we camped out at a friend's house.

Having bid farewell to the Avery, we treated ourselves to dinner at the Hermitage, an Imperial Russian restaurant located incongruously on the lower level of Boston's Institute of Contemp-



...bursting color, and free spenders



Shopping's just an excuse to go there



Inside, not only art, but fine food

Travel

orary Art which is itself incongruously housed in an abandoned Boston police station at 955 Boylston Street. The meal was as fine as any I've ever had. Though dinner at the Hermitage, including drinks and tips, will set you back about \$30 per person, Boston is bulging with more moderately priced restaurants that feature Chinese, Italian, Japanese, Indian, Portuguese, Czechoslovakian and Vietnamese cooking you won't find in Saint John or Halifax.

The next morning we wandered out to Watertown—one of the 76 independent communities that ring Boston and swell the city proper's population of

700,000 to a three-million-person megalopolis—for breakfast at the Town Diner. The Town is not to be missed. It's not simply the food (we had deliciously spicy Greek sausages and eggs) or even the price (which was a relief after the Hermitage); what the Town Diner offers in abundance is 1940s American ambience. It is a "silver bullet" that looks more like the dining-car of a train than a real restaurant and every surface, inside and out, is covered with shiny stainless steel, faded blue formica, or porcelain enamel. Sitting in a booth drinking coffee and eavesdropping while the proprietor traded com-

plaints with the neighborhood regulars reminded me that despite its size, Boston has the feel of a collection of small neighborhoods instead of a large, intimidating city. The Avery was a fast-fading memory.

The morning sky was blue and cloudless, our son was having a good time with his grandmother in New York, and we realized that, for at least a little while, the city was ours. We made it to Filene's, home of the world-famous bargain basement in downtown Boston, where you can occasionally pick up a \$200-dress or a \$300-suit for a quarter the regular price. Filene's even discounts its own discount price on unsold merchandise—25% after 12 days, 50% after 18 days, 75% after 28 days and, finally, if the stuff hasn't sold in 30 days, all those Pierre Cardin shirts and Neiman-Marcus dresses get dumped on some worthy charity. Not surprisingly, Filene's is a madhouse: Its aisles are jammed with screaming children, women trying on expensive dresses over their blue jeans, discarded clothing and Lord knows how many store detectives. We left without finding any irresistible bargains.

Cambridge is the home of the United States' first college (Harvard, 1636), the world's first computer (Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1928) and the world's first automatic digital computer (Harvard again, 1944). Harvard Square crawls with people: Preppies in blue blazers, grey slacks and school ties, eccentric professors out for a stroll, street people, and what *Klein's Souvenir Guide to Boston* carefully calls "characters who defy description."

Downtown, Faneuil Hall, Boston's restored 200-year-old marketplace, is now the favored noon spot for bureaucrats and businessmen to wolf down lunch and make deals. We strolled among the pushcarts of the Bull Market, where you can get almost anything from handcrafted toys to left-handed scissors, and ate our way through the food stalls at Quincy Market. Then we ambled down the street past the Union Oyster House where Daniel Webster drank his rum toddies and Louis Philipe, before he became France's Citizen King, taught Bostonians to speak French.

Then, almost as soon as it began, it was over. There were planes to catch, a kid to care for, stories to be written. We didn't even make it back to the old golf course across from Boston College where, on a fine spring night in 1975, we watched the sun disappear behind the trees and promised we would keep in touch. We'll go back again. There'll be another time. And another hotel. ☒



Combat zone: The women who come and go don't talk of Michelangelo



Calm moment at Filene's bargain basement. Often, it's "a madhouse"

Eagles - Commodores - Bob Dylan - Supertramp -
Young - Dionne Warwick - Herb Alpert - Jimmy B
- Kenny Rogers - Earth, Wind and Fire - Jethro T
Little River Band - Barry Manilow - Nick Lov
Charlie Daniels Band - Van Morrison - Electric I
Orchestra - Robert Palmer - Abba - Kenny Logg
Doobie Brothers - Rickie Lee Jones - Minglewood B
- Atlanta Rhythm Section - Rita Coolidge - John Ste
- Wings - Gerry Rafferty - Dire Straits - Jim Mess
Chicago - Led Zeppelin - Poco - Kansas - Billy J
Meat Loaf - Bob Seger - Elton John - Anne Murr
Crystal Gayle - Orleans - Jane Fonda - Rolling St
- Fleetwood - Mac - Sly & the Family Stone - L
Ronstadt - Eric Clapton - Boston - Cummings - Ge
Harris - Styx - Gary Warfield - Carly Simon
Quatro - Murray McLachlan - The Manhattan Brother
Jennifer Warnes - America - Paul Williams - Bu
Cummings - Beach Boys - Cooper Brothers - Nico
Eagles - Commodores - Bob Dylan - Supertramp -
Young - Dionne Warwick - Herb Alpert - Jimmy B
- Kenny Rogers - Earth, Wind and Fire - Jethro T
Little River Band - Barry Manilow - Nick Lov
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- Atlanta Rhythm Section - Rita Coolidge - John Ste
- Wings - Gerry Rafferty - Dire Straits - Jim Mess

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Small Towns



"What a lovely village it is, facing into the sun...."

Ferryland, Nfld.

It has salt fish, sculpture and the pure essence of Irish mysticism

By Harold Horwood

As I drove along the 50-mile road from St. John's to the ancient town of Ferryland, two young men with the unmistakable look of Irish Newfoundlanders waved me down and asked for a ride.

"If you don't mind sitting on a tent," I said.

They climbed into the back, with my fly rod and spinning gear.

"How are ye doin' with the trout?" one of them asked.

"Oh...fair, I s'pose...got a couple dozen just before dark last night."

"And are ye campin' in a tent all alone?"

"That's right."

"Ye're not afraid o' the spirits?"

Spirits? For a minute I was astonished. Then I remembered. This shore is haunted, not alone by ghosts of drowned sailors but by every species of the supernatural—by hags and jack-o'-lanterns and banshees, and even by those good people whom no one will

mention by name because of the bad luck that would be sure to follow.

You wouldn't call Ferrylanders superstitious, exactly. Just deeply steeped in the irrational. When I took Farley Mowat to the town, nearly 20 years ago, a fishing crew agreed reluctantly to let him go along in their boat to the trap berth. It looked like a failure that year—hardly enough fish to grease the slipway. But Mowat turned out to be as lucky as a three-horned goat. The fish came in by the thousands. And after that he was able to *charge* for his passage to the traps.

There's a story from the old days of a local character who did just that. Peter Kelly the Prophet made a living by casting devils out of boats and luring enchanted fish to the nets: Never had to do a tap of work from one year's end to the next. Mowat might well have become a second Peter Kelly had he remained in Ferryland, but he went on to Burgeo and a fateful encounter with a whale.

This little town, dreaming among its islands, contains as pure a breed of Irish mystics as can be found anywhere this side of County Kerry. And what a lovely village it is, facing into the sun across a reef-studded sea, wholly wild. From the top of The Gaze on a summer day (The Gaze is a hill, of course, rising



Artist Gerry Squires lives here. Alone

behind the village, giving a view of the distant horizon and advance warning of approaching pirates or privateers or French sloops-of-war) you can see a great stretch of surf-rimmed coast, shoals and sunkeners spouting foam against the darkness of the sea. A chain of islets with rocks like the stumps of broken teeth stretches off toward Isle au Bois, that storied fortress from which Magistrate Robert Carter and his wife (a lady who could aim and fire a cannon with the best of them) repelled the French ships in 1762. Islands and headlands hereabouts are still littered with old guns, though the mood today is one of peace.

Ferryland is filled with legend, a

surprising lot of it based on solid history. Almost anyone here can tell you stories of the Carters or the Kirkes or of Peter Easton, the pirate admiral, who built a great house here in 1612 on a promontory known as Fox Hill, and sailed from here to the Azores where he captured the Spanish Plate Fleet and settled down as Marquis of Savoy.

Here Lord Baltimore founded a



Ferryland history is fish history



Once again, "White with fish....

colony of Welshmen in 1621 over the protests of the fishermen who were regarded as mere squatters and evicted from their fishing rooms. But Baltimore's colony went bankrupt, and the fishermen returned.

David Kirke, after taking Quebec and Nova Scotia from the French, and having his conquests annulled by treaty, settled at Ferryland and founded a thriving business on fish, salt, molasses and rum. When Cromwell defeated Charles I, Sir David Kirke offered the king sanctuary in Ferryland, but Charles chose to stay in England and die on the scaffold. Kirke himself died in jail, accused of theft and piracy by Baltimore's son. But the Kirke family

returned to Ferryland and prospered until the town was sacked by a Dutch fleet in 1673—a hit-and-run raid, the only time a naval attack on Ferryland ever succeeded. The French, in five or six attempts, could never breach its shore defences, but they destroyed it twice in overland raids, the inhabitants fleeing to the woods and returning to rebuild their burnt plantations when the French had left.

When St. John's fell to France in 1708, the Ferryland planters held out.



William Morry's roots go far back



....salt cod, drying in the sun"

Next year New England's governor sent a ship to their relief and offered to take them to the safety of his colony. In reply, 30 fishing masters signed a letter declaring their willingness and ability to manage their own defence.

Souvenirs of those early wars are still treasured by Ferrylanders—cannon balls dug from potato fields, bronze-work from sunken ships, a Queen Anne ring from around the year 1700. But most of all the memory survives in story, preserved through the generations of pirate raids and French wars and persecution by English marines.

You can hear the tale of Peter Ker-rivan, leader of the Masterless Men, the Robin Hood of the Butterpot, who lived

with his band of outlaws at that prominent lookout nine miles back in the woods and was pursued time and again without success by men from the English warships. Just once, near the end of the eighteenth century, an expedition captured four Masterless Men, marched them back to Ferryland and hanged them from the yard-arm of a frigate. The great-great-great-grandmother of William Morry, a present-day fish merchant, witnessed this hanging as a small child. Thirty years later, she barely escaped transportation for harboring a deserter from a warship.

The Morrises not only have roots going far back into Ferryland's history, they are deeply attached to the place, its past and its future. One day in the 1960s I arrived to find Howard Morry, then around 80 years old, building a new house single-handed. This year his grandson Peter, a doctor, returned from Australia to open a clinic in the town. Bill, the present head of the clan, is still making shore-cured fish the way his ancestors made it in the time of Robert Carter.

For many years Ferryland lay depressed under a long succession of fish failures while Russians and Japanese and Spaniards and Poles captured all the fish far offshore. Then came the 200-mile limit and once again the beaches are white with fish—split salt cod drying in the sun. Ferryland is just about the last place in Canada where you can see an acre of fish curing on the flakes. (And smell it too! Oh, what a marvelous perfume, a clean, wonderful smell of salt and sea. What a contrast to the stink of a modern fish plant.)

"But salt fish is a dirty word," Bill Morry told me ruefully. "There's not a soul in the government will speak up for it, even though they know you can make more money on it than on frozen fillets." Perhaps its bad reputation was gained 45 years ago when the world price for some grades of fish dropped to around two cents a pound. Its price today stands somewhere between that of bacon and caviar.

Fish is also cured in dryers (the Morrises own one) but the famous English Shore Cure that can be made only outdoors has the best flavor and fetches the best price. It's a lot of trouble—that's why so little is made nowadays—but the men working at it, earning \$4 to \$5 an hour, are obviously happy; they sing while they work; they smile broadly at you as they pass by with loaded wheelbarrows. Most of them are just boys, for any man with a boat can earn far more than he can get in wages. A trap fisherman expects to gross \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a good summer, and there have been three good summers in a row at Ferryland, followed by three good winters on unemploy-

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Small Towns

ment insurance.

Ferryland fishermen are no longer poor, but they do not go in for display. They still live in the square white almost flat-roofed houses that their grandfathers built. Some have paved driveways. All have big new cars. Otherwise the town looks the same today as it did on my first visit more than 30 years ago. Indeed, except that it is a bit larger now, it cannot have changed much since Robert Carter, grandfather of Newfoundland's Prime Minister Carter, with the help of 200 fishermen, conducted the last defence against the French during the final war for Canada in 1762.

After the Kirkes and the Carters the English fish masters drifted away or were absorbed among their Irish servants and sharemen. The mobs of beautiful children who come pouring out of the convent school every afternoon, freckled, blond, red-headed, testify to their ancestry—"as Irish as a barrel of pork marked 'Limerick.' " They wave to you as you pass. If you stop, they'll come and chat. No one has told them not to talk to strangers.

At Ferryland *everyone* talks to you. They're just dying for the chance. Produce a bottle of rum and they'll take you home for an evening, spinning yarns with that marvellous story-telling gift that their ancestors brought from the Old Sod.

There'll be stories of the supernatural, of treasure trove, of caribou hunts, of the rum-running that flourished here unchecked till the RCMP arrived in the 1950s—and, of course, stories of wrecks. Wrecks used to be wonderful common before the days of radar, and a great blessing to the poor. In lean years,



"Beautiful children" talk to strangers



Arch Williams, folk artist



You can see "a great stretch of surf-rimmed coast, shoals and sunkeners"

'tis said, even the priests would pray: "God send us a good wreck—without loss of life, if that be possible." There was a Commissioner of Wrecks appointed by the government, and besides collecting a tax on salvage, he often grew passing rich himself.


You never knew what a wreck might bring—salt pork or shoes or cut glass chandeliers. One cargo of champagne went ashore near Ferryland. It sold in the town for 20 cents a bottle. By coincidence a load of whisky went ashore that same winter, a little further south. "For almost six months ye couldn't sell a barrel o' rum anywhere on this shore," retired rum-runner John Hawkins confessed. "I swapped one keg for a butt o' salt herring, an' glad to be rid of it at that."

The same men who filled their cel-

of Irish fantasy. Gerry Squires, a famous artist, lives far out on the point in a lighthouse with the gulls and the banshees for company. Arch Williams, another artist, has a fanciful handmade house on the beach, and keeps a museum in his back kitchen. Sculptor Stuart Montgomery here produced an angular steel image that the city council of Kingston, Ont., declared to be a public danger. The town's artistic products range from hauntingly beautiful seascapes to bottles of polluted sea water mounted on boards and tied together with string.

The first of the artists arrived by invitation of the Ferryland Historic Soci-

ety, which had saved the lighthouse from destruction and was looking for someone to keep it in repair. That was back in 1969. In the past decade a stream of painting, sculpture, pottery and other handcrafts has come from the lighthouse and spread Ferryland's name across Canada. The arrangement has worked to everyone's satisfaction.

The new people—the few who have settled here from outside—make no effort to change the town. They like it just the way it is. And so do the people who grew up watching the sun dance among its islands, and the snow sweep over The Gaze from the caribou lands beyond. 



Back from Australia, Peter and Jo Morry

lars from wrecked ships risked their lives to save the castaways. On a wild winter night in the bleak Thirties, Howard Morry and a few companions plucked my cousin, Captain Ed Burke, and his crew from the ice-sheathed rocks of an offshore island where their schooner had driven ashore. Working with ropes in freezing spray where one false step would plunge them into the surf, they saved half a dozen men who otherwise would have been dead before dawn. Thousands were rescued, but other thousands were not, and many lie unidentified, in unmarked graves, along the shore.

Such tragedies seem not to have dampened anyone's spirits. There is no gloom in Ferryland, but a mood of optimism, buoyancy and good cheer, with dancing, singing and continuing touches

Good Health and Good Life go together

There are life insurance companies offering group health care as an "extra"... Atlantic Mutual Life doesn't. There are health care companies ready to "throw in" group life with health coverage... Blue Cross of Atlantic Canada isn't one of them.

Yet Blue Cross and Atlantic Mutual Life believe that good life and good health should go together; so they got together with one professional marketing team representing companies with expertise in both these equally important services.

A Blue Cross - Atlantic Mutual Life representative can offer your company comprehensive group health care programs, or a full range of life and disability insurance coverages or a combination of these benefits. Your company gets the best of both worlds but only one bill to process, one central control and one qualified representative to contact for advice and service.

In Atlantic Canada, group health and group life go together with:



Dresden Galleries

1st. Anniversary
Picasso
Nov. 30th—Dec. 13th

Youth

The brothers Sabat: What makes them so darn smart?

One's a violinist, the other an artist. Their combined age is 23

Marc Sabat, the 14-year-old Fredericton violinist, and his brother Peter, the nine-year-old Fredericton artist, invite an ancient question: What are the sources of raw, obvious talent in the very young? Their parents, Jerome and Christina Sabat, simply don't know. Jerome's father was musical but as far as they can discover, none of their other forbears ever demonstrated notable artistic talent.

But just consider young Marc. At two, his parents took him to a concert in St. Joseph's Oratory where his rapt attention to the music astonished them. At home, classical records had the same effect on him and, since Christina had studied violin, Marc began violin lessons at five. "I used to play with him to make it fun for him," she recalls. "But he was different from me. I had never

had a *commitment* but, right from the start, the violin was more than just a hobby to him." He was only nine when the New Brunswick Youth Orchestra accepted him. He was only 11 when he became assistant concertmaster.

Meanwhile, he began to study with Joseph Pach and Paul Campbell of the New Brunswick String Quartet. In the summers of the mid-Seventies—at an age when most boys play baseball and go swimming when the school year ends—Marc studied with Steven Staryk at the Stratford Violin Master Class in Waterloo, Ont.; with David Zafer in a program of special studies for gifted youth at Banff; and with Lorand Fenyves of the University of Toronto. Fenyves, Marc says, is "sort of the godfather to all violinists in Canada."

It was Fenyves who helped per-



Marc (left) and brother Peter: And a sharp little sister, too

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suade the Charles H. Ivey Foundation to let Marc play their 350-year-old, small Niccolò Amati violin. "It's been an incredible experience to play that instrument," Marc says. "The tone is so sweet. Niccolò was the master violin maker of the famous Italian Amati family." Sadly, Marc has outgrown the Amati. He's looking for a bigger master violin.

He's already a veteran grabber of scholarships, including one for summer students at the Meadowbrook School of Music in the Adirondacks, N.Y. He plans to keep right on improving as a violinist, to teach, and to compose. He's already played as a soloist on CBC, during the 1978 Banff Festival for Canadian Youth Orchestras; and, for the 1977-78 CBC National Radio Competition for Young Composers, he submitted his own Sonata No. 1 in G minor. Upstairs in his home, he played his latest composition for me, a powerful piano sonata he's labelled Opus 29.

Then there's young Peter. Marc is proud of Peter. Peter, 9, has already had five one-man or, rather, one-boy art exhibitions, including one at the University of New Brunswick Faculty Club and another at the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John. His mother says he showed promise "almost as soon as he could hold a pencil." His early drawing betrayed a fascination with engines. "He spent hours under our family car," and often sketched his own inventions. Peter's parents saved all his drawings "simply because we thought they were charming" and, one day, Robert Percival, director of the art gallery at the New Brunswick Museum, happened to see the sketches at the Sabat home. He immediately started talking about an exhibition. "My parents thought he was joking," Peter remembers, "but I knew he was serious."

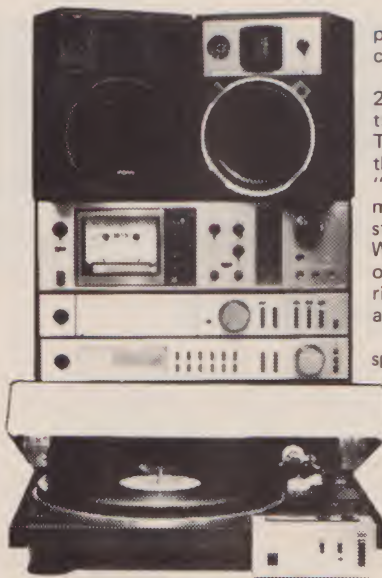
"There's no question about his talent," Percival says. "He has a competence with line and form drawings that older artists usually get only after ten or 15 years of drawing....He relates to his work more than the normal child and, like Alex Colville, he can take a good starting point and add to it....He's not yet formed his own style. No one of that age could. But left alone and not pushed, he'll find it. He's way ahead of his age in what he observes....If he keeps his interest, he could go all the way."

While Marc admires Bach and Peter admires Picasso, they both admire their dog "Bobo," who sits for endless sketches, and thrive on pizza and Ukrainian dishes. (Jerome and Christina first met in Toronto after their families had emigrated from the Ukraine.) The boys are also fond of their sister Motria. She likes music, ballet, art. Last summer, she won her first prize for drawing. Motria is all of six. —Colleen Thompson

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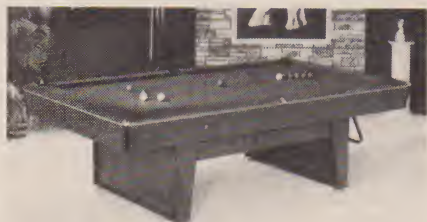
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Sports

Soccer is still king in Nfld.

But it's ailing

Canadian football is a form of seasonal insanity in nine provinces but in Newfoundland and Labrador it arouses about as much excitement as tiddlywinks. Partly because of old ties to Britain, it's soccer that excites Newfoundland. In this, it may be out of step with North America but it's certainly *in* step with the rest of the world. By Canadian standards, Newfoundland is not a hotbed of amateur sport but, in national amateur soccer tournaments, it has regularly ranked among the top three or four provinces. Now, however, its gutsy play and strong soccer tradition may no longer be enough to keep it competitive.

"I don't think our climate and small population will allow us to remain on top," Joe Keating says. He's a past president of the Newfoundland Soccer Association. "Ontario has the money," he continues. "British Columbia has the climate *and* the money. Last year, B.C. spent more than \$300,000 on their minor-league system. We had only \$4,000. Maybe if we get oil off our coast, we can afford to take \$20,000 to send our teams to Florida. Right now, our handicaps are money and climate."

Historically, the best Newfoundland teams have come from the Burin Peninsula. St. Lawrence, with a population of only 2,100, led Newfoundland to a second-place finish in the national finals only two years ago. Gus Etchegary, another former president of the Newfoundland Soccer Association, remembers that, in the Fifties, he used to travel 32 miles in an open boat, with 15 or 20 players, just to play soccer on the French island of St. Pierre. "As soon as you were able to walk," he says, "you played with a small ball, and after school every meadow was filled with kids playing soccer. It was hard to make a St. Lawrence team."

Soccer mania was so strong that Burin fishermen often rose before dawn, rowed to a flat stretch of land in Wandsworth settlement, played soccer, rowed back, ate breakfast and *then* went out to fish. When harbors froze over, they

played soccer on the ice. St. Lawrence and Grand Bank are only 50-odd miles apart but their games were three-day adventures: A day to get there, a day to play, a day to get home. The travelling team took along lumber to repair the bridges. Better roads meant more teams. By the Forties, such communities as Fortune, Lawn, Marystown, Burin and Garnish all had teams, and the peninsula had a soccer association.

Meanwhile, soccer rivalry in St. John's was as fierce as the religious rivalry. Players learned the game in the denominational schools, and once a Guard, Feildian or Holy Cross Crusader, always a Guard, Feildian or Holy Cross Crusader. Players were ready to die for their teams and, it is said, some almost did. Holy Cross played in the first Newfoundland soccer championship, arranged by Burin Peninsula men in 1950, against St. Lawrence. Ever since, those two teams have battled off and on for the championship. St. Lawrence usually won but Holy Cross recently has come on strong, and this year it beat the former mining town for the right to represent the province in national competition. Joe Keating reluctantly admits St.

about. St. Lawrence finished second, behind Victoria, B.C.

To coach younger players, Newfoundland imported such outsiders as British-born Bob Kerr and Alan Ross. Ross, a physical education instructor at Memorial University, has also trained the Canada Games team. (At the last Games, Newfoundland came fourth, after Ontario eliminated it in overtime.) Volunteer coaches work in leagues for youngsters, and both women's and indoor soccer have a certain following. But Newfoundland soccer is not what it was in the early Seventies. One problem is the minors' system. "You go to meetings and see the same faces that have been around for years," says John McGrath of St. John's. "We've been placing a lot of emphasis on the first-, second-, and third-division teams but we've been neglecting the kids who will play first-division 15 years from now."

Once, soccer was one of the few amusements Newfoundlanders had. Now, it competes with such diversions as television, cars, darts, bingo, soft-ball, hockey. Weather and early darkness



Money and climate are the toughest team to beat

John's is winning the provincial soccer battle, and that's a hard admission for any Burin Peninsula man to make.

Corner Brook was the next part of Newfoundland to take its soccer seriously, and now Labrador City, Harbour Grace, Springdale, Conception Bay South and Mount Pearl will have first-, second-, or third-division teams as well. After Gus Etchegary became president of the provincial association in the Sixties, he arranged affiliation with the national organization. The Labatt's Challenge Cup then became the prize every amateur club sought. In 1977, St. Lawrence was host for the cup tournament, and the town went wild. It built bleachers virtually overnight, and put on a show soccer people are still talking

pretty well kill Newfoundland soccer in mid-October. Leadership too is a problem. Internal squabbles and regional rivalry hamstring amateur sports organizations everywhere, and Newfoundland soccer has its share.

Spirited play has always characterized Newfoundland teams but, as the sport's popularity has grown on the mainland, skill and training have become more important. Guts are no longer enough. The future of Newfoundland soccer will hang on leadership, good coaching, hot competition for youngsters and, as always, money. If these fail, and the sport dies, Newfoundlanders can always turn to Canadian football. It wouldn't take them long to beat the Argos. —Susan Sherk

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Special Report

Laws to protect our environment are feeble. They just don't work

What price acid rain? What price a filthy river? What price a bay without fish?

By Amy Zierler

John Shaheen, the big-spending American entrepreneur, once dreamed of turning the Halifax-to-Canso coast into a strip as intensely industrialized as the one he'd created in the northeastern U.S. But Shaheen bombed at the Strait, as he had at Come-By-Chance. His dream turned to debts and court battles, and you can still fish off Canso. But the conflict between economic prosperity and the environment in the Atlantic region didn't begin or end with John Shaheen. He is merely a convenient symbol for the latter-day industrial boom that never happened. By not happening, it sheltered us from the degradation more developed areas have experienced.

We've escaped outrages such as the toxin-choked Love Canal and the moonscape around Sudbury. We've been spared, but we are not pristine. Two major oil-tanker accidents in fewer than 10 years left us dirtier, but no wiser. Despite millions spent on abatement technology, pulp and paper mills—possibly our biggest polluters—foul rivers and bays. Urban sprawl paves farmland, destroys natural drainage. Last month Saint John, under pressure from a residents' group, began to get twice-daily reports on air quality. And you don't have to go far from Canso to find places where you can't fish anymore.

The tension between our economic and environmental health is intensifying. Only the dramatic language which raised ecology-consciousness 10 years

ago is missing—except for the acid-rain and nuclear-power debates. The laws and procedures we drew up to institutionalize our concern swallowed up much of its spirit, without eliminating its causes; and the potential for conflict is as great as ever. It was only three years ago, that New Brunswick's then Natural Resources Minister Roland Boudreau gave *Weekend* magazine this statement about the budworm-spray controversy: "I don't like to see people dying. This is one of the things I really wouldn't like to see. But, at the same time, knowing the forest as it is, my decision will have to be with the forest and with the future of New Brunswick."

Where fishing and tourism hold the

Oil-tanker spills killed seabirds, left us "dirtier but no wiser"

PHOTOS BY DAVE JARHIS



greatest prospects for economic growth, a clean, safe environment should rate as a top priority. But our short-sighted scramble for energy sources to replace imported oil is putting pressure on even the meagre environmental protection rules we've established. Isn't it ironic that North America should awaken to the acid-rain crisis just when we've pledged ourselves to escalate coal production?

Some see a resolution of the conflict coming. Peter O'Brien, division manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, says high-technology and marine-related industries are our best bet for the future. As they develop, he predicts, they'll lead to a tightening of our environmental laws. "I don't think we can attract the kind of industry which will be successful here unless we have an environment to attract those people who, because of their technical knowledge, have a better-than-average appreciation of the environment. Part of what we have to sell them on is the magnificence of our community and our countryside." An elitist view? "I make no bones about it," O'Brien says. "That's where I see our industrial future. I don't believe we can handle any more of the traditional big polluters."

Pulp-cutting company caused silt in trout stream. Laws aren't tough enough

O'Brien's future would require a major shift in thinking by governments which, until recently, recognized pollution only as a social irritant. As a rule, only those with a direct economic or physical interest in a case have had the right to take court action against a polluter. But to make sure even that much justice would not interfere with industrial development, governments passed some laws. In 1952 New Brunswick took the power of injunction against industrial pollution away from the courts and placed it in the hands of the cabinet. The section of the Judicature Act now reads: "Without the leave of the Minister of Justice, no injunction shall be applied for that, if granted, would delay or prevent the construction or operation of any manufacturing or industrial plant on the ground that the discharge from such plant is injurious to some other interest."

In 1916, Nova Scotia passed an Act to Encourage and Promote Smelting and Refining which allows anyone who wants to mine, mill, smelt or refine in the province to apply to cabinet to be covered by the Act. The applicant agrees to take "due care" in minimizing damages in the course of his operation, in exchange for which "action for injunction or indictment shall lie at the suit of the Crown or any private person or corporation." No company has ever

applied for this immunity. Thank goodness, says one provincial official: "I don't think it could ever be used today. People wouldn't stand for it."

These and other special-interest statutes stand beside comprehensive new environmental protection laws, as blunt testimony to changing priorities. Each province and the federal government passed laws within the past 10 years to express these changes. Each set up departments to administer the laws. *But they aren't doing the job we might expect.*

"A plethora of laws and a paucity of cases" is how one environmental lawyer sees it. Barry Stuart, formerly on the Dalhousie law faculty, was founding president of the pioneering Canadian Environmental Law Research Foundation. "You can see pollution violations going on all the time," he says. "It's as if you went downtown and saw people looting everywhere. We wouldn't countenance that, but our environmental regulatory system is about licensing, not about prosecuting."

The press pays so little attention to administration of environmental protection laws in the Atlantic provinces that a little research can turn up surprising information. Louise McKenna, a CBC freelancer in Sydney, tried to find out why a Baddeck pulp-cutting operation



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Special Report



O'Brien: He sees solution coming

got away with dragging its log-skidder downhill to a trout brook on Boularderie Island this spring. The resulting silt will keep trout from spawning in the brook for at least five years. Not only was the Harold Phillips Company not charged for this offence, McKenna discovered, it hadn't even needed a permit from Nova Scotia's Environment Department because the company had promised not to disturb the stream. She learned the Environment Department has no biologists on staff to screen applications for water rights or other permits. If the department thinks there might be a problem with fish or wildlife habitats, it can refer to the federal Environmental Protection Service (EPS) or provincial Lands and Forests biologists. The system is far from ideal.

"I don't want people to think the Department of the Environment is looking out for the environment," says one embittered Lands and Forests biologist. "They're whitewashing. They just give permits. We do inventories of special features, sensitive areas around the province, but I've only been asked once by Environment to advise on a permit, and that was indirect. When they do ask, it's for all the wildlife and ecological implications of a drilling operation in such-and-such marsh, and, by the way, have it in two weeks. That's bullshit. You can't do all that in two weeks."

McKenna found that only a few prosecutions have been carried out under Nova Scotia's 1973 Environmen-

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tal Protection Act. Two companies were convicted, both in the last year. A Yarmouth fish plant was fined \$1,000 for operating without a permit, and a Sydney company was fined \$350 for altering a stream. A month later the Sydney company, Municipal Ready-Mix Ltd., got a \$300,000-contract from the Environment Department to redevelop a polluted stream within the city.

Nova Scotia is typical of the region. Penalties for prosecutions under provincial legislation in recent years amount to only a few thousand dollars. Newfoundland successfully chases litterbugs, but has just begun to tackle problems like improper disposal of sewage and forest-industry wastes.

Part of the problem is manpower. You can't prosecute without someone to handle the case. In British Columbia between 1970 and 1976, EPS pursued nearly three times as many pollution cases under the Fisheries Act as in all other provinces and the territories combined. That didn't happen because B.C. suffered three times as many oil spills as the rest of Canada. It happened because EPS in B.C. has a large in-house legal staff to prepare cases, and the local office of the federal Justice Department has enough manpower to carry them through.

Justice Department lawyers prosecute under all federal laws, from income tax violations to narcotics charges to pollution. The Atlantic regional office in Halifax has two criminal prosecutors. Except for unusually important or difficult cases, they stay in Halifax while the department hires local lawyers to handle cases in other areas. None of them has time to specialize in environmental law. Thus, tough cases, cases that require precedent-setting ingenuity,

go untried. "A touch of moral indignation is necessary for inspired work in this area," Barry Stuart says.

Deciding whether or not to prosecute hinges on more than manpower. The majority of cases EPS brings to court involve oil spills. Persistent pollution from day-to-day industrial and commercial activity is less likely to reach court. Except for a few substances such as lead emissions from secondary smelters and chloralkali mercury effluent, Canada has no legislated limits on pollution. Instead, EPS sets guidelines for emission and effluent standards which it encourages industry to meet. If a plant doesn't seem to be

meeting the standards, the department can threaten to prosecute and even do it. The process, however, leaves tremendous discretionary power in the hands of the bureaucracy. Negotiating timetables for compliance with environmental guidelines becomes a bargaining game between EPS and the polluting industry. Prosecuting a polluter doesn't clean up the river. Neither party to the bargaining process wants to go to court just to flex their muscles, though the feds seem to flex more readily than the provinces: As a rule, Ottawa offers the province the opportunity to prosecute, the province says no, and the feds find some way to justify their jurisdiction

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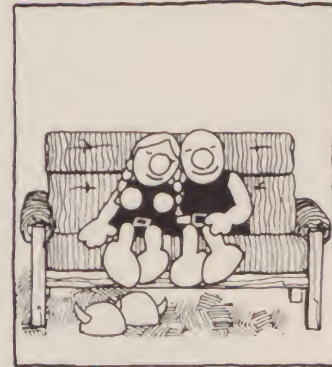
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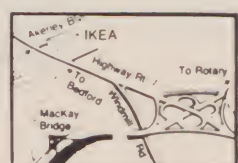
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DAVID H. HALL

McKenna: Few polluters are prosecuted



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Special Report

over the offender.

The reason for prosecuting is to punish the polluter and deter others from similar negligence. But considering the resources of many defendants, the penalties just aren't tough enough. Recent amendments to the Fisheries Act raised the maximum penalty for a spill from \$5,000 and \$10,000 to \$50,000 and \$100,000. But the law still doesn't set a minimum penalty and fines of only a few thousand dollars are common.

Nor is there much consistency in sentencing. Texaco Canada Ltd., in Halifax, and Canadian Pacific Ltd., in Vancouver, met different fates under the Fisheries Act within a few months of each other this year. CP was fined \$12,000 for letting 354 gallons of a lubricating oil-diesel fuel mixture escape into west coast waters. It was the giant company's third spill offence, at different locations. On the east coast, Texaco



The industrial boom that didn't happen...

let more than 29,000 gallons of furnace fuel leak into Halifax harbor from its downtown bulk storage tank. It was fined \$2,000. However, both judges made pointed sentencing remarks that could support stronger penalties in future. Judges, business people and administrators say the trip to court and bad publicity are better deterrents than the fines.

Government's reluctance to prosecute polluters might be less exasperating if citizens had access to the courts themselves. But the right to bring action on environmental causes is not guaranteed by any Canadian law. Yet, the Fisheries Act has a little-known provision promising private complainants half the fine levied against the relevant polluter. Municipal proceedings which cover a range of environmental conflicts seem to offer citizens the best chance at successful action. But nothing comes close to the "citizen suit law" of the State of Michigan's Environmental Protection Act. A citizen suit means anyone can take anyone else to court on conflicts covered by the legislation. Law-

yers who have used the Michigan law say it allows people a unique opportunity to challenge actions that threaten the environment. It's not that way in Canada. If Parks Canada decided to turn the Cape Breton Highlands into an amusement park, only public pressure could stop it. Individuals can try to take the government to court and they may even succeed. But they can just as easily fail, even if they have what appears to be a clear interest in the case. In 1970, a group of Placentia Bay fishermen sued Electric Reduction of Canada Ltd. for discharging waste material from its plant into the bay. Fish died in the polluted water and the fishermen sued for loss of livelihood. But the court ruled they were not the only fishermen affected and said the attorney-general of the province could take action on their behalf.


Another advantage of the citizen suit law is its tendency to expose the roots of environmental conflict by pitting competing social goals against



...left us time to make decisions

one another in the courts: Without such a forum, the environmentalists here must seek other means to achieve the same end.

"My long-term goal is the implementation of a conservator society," says Susan Holtz, energy specialist with the Halifax-based Ecology Action Centre. "This is going to require a great many changes. Individual issues, in this context, are battles in the long-term campaign which has to be won." Holtz doesn't see the law as a weapon: "The most important weapon I've got, by a long shot, is information. The cutting edge in changing attitudes is always information." Holtz says Ecology Action Centre's spruce-budworm campaign raised questions not only about toxic chemicals but about appropriate forest management.

Environmental conflicts of the past have pressed us to develop alternatives. In doing that, they've influenced the way we'll approach environmental conflicts still to come. Sometimes it takes a Shaheen to show us how we could be better off without him. 

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Camp's book: worth the wait

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elegant writer of political prose. That book took his career only to the Tory election victory of 1957—well before the years when, as president of his party's national association, he embarked upon his fight to topple John Diefen-

baker. The fight left him regarded as a "saviour by some, a traitor by others."

Points of Departure is not precisely a sequel to the earlier work. Rather, after the fashion of Norman Mailer in *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, it's part memoir, part reportage, part political philosophy and all verbal pyrotechnics. Like Mailer, he refers to himself in the third person. Camp's choice of alter-ego is *the varlet*—"a medieval page preparing to be a squire; a menial, low fellow, rascal." And just to get Mailer out of the way, Camp also loves to sprinkle obscure words about. *Marasmus*, *manitous* and *metastatic* all appear on a single page.

He weaves his tale around the shapeless form of the 1979 federal election, a campaign that the varlet hoped, for the first time in his life, to attend "as an impartial witness, with enough wariness of both Trudeau and Clark, and enough sympathy for them, to allow him the luxury of an unfamiliar objectivity."

Camp's thoughts about Joe Clark are among the best parts of the book. As the campaign starts, he muses, "It might be thought the coming of Clark would offer the varlet a vista of unrelieved delight: He had known Clark as an ally, had employed him in his office for a summer, had tutored him, sponsored and cajoled for him, voted for him, and even hailed his ascendancy to the leadership. More than that, a Clark victory would vindicate the decent stewardship of Stanfield and offer the final, telling rebuke to the Diefenbakerites..." Still, "the varlet could only construct the despairing hypothesis that if Clark lost this election, the party might be lost for another decade. But if he won, might not the country be lost for longer?"

Camp's feelings about Clark had always been ambivalent. "At the outset of our relationship [when Clark was 23], I did not glimpse in him the shape of a putative prime minister. But, among the random shapes and sizes of Tory political fledglings, Clark stood apart. He was different...he possessed a rare and leavening sense of humor. He was caustic, irreverent and, at times, irritatingly flippant...he had a sense of history and, even then, a precocious glimmer of some personal destiny. There was another characteristic of his which ought to have been an augury; if not, then an unerring trait in the preselective process of destiny's children: There was nothing in him of excess."

His mixed feelings about the future



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prime minister would continue through the years. Although Clark had clearly supported the reform (Camp) wing of the PC party, Camp writes, "I cannot remember Joe Clark at that tumultuous [1966] annual meeting of the party in Ottawa that effectively marked the end of Diefenbaker's leadership and the agonizing, bitter tensions and frustrations which had been so destructive to both the country and the party. If he was there, I cannot recall him. If he was absent, it is further testimony to his providential good fortune."

"Indeed, I have been unable to place Clark in any of the crises that were to come later...It is only with hindsight that one can appreciate how prudent a man Clark was, and how invisible he became in the prolonged internal struggle for position and power in a party, which, in so brief a time, he would suddenly emerge to lead. Those who nurse similar ambitions would do well to write, in large letters, the object lesson in his example: DISCRETION!"

Clark, of course, is far from the only character Camp deals with, merely the most important. We find him regretting not voting for Flora MacDonald in 1976: "It might have redeemed some small portion of his debit account with her: IOUs of politics and friendship substantial enough to correct the imbalance of Canada's foreign trade." We see him turning over the Don Valley PC nomination to Jim Gillies: "Remembering the awkward, even mawkish nature of the occasion, the ritual had reminded him of an amputee giving away his favorite pair of boots."

On his friendship with Finlay MacDonald: "The varlet knows him to be a marked man in the party. His modest ambition to be a senator, should Clark win, would be challenged by the vociferous vetoes of legions of vengeful Tories, many of them, though by no means all, in his own province of Nova Scotia. All this had become a mild infection in the varlet's friendship with MacDonald, the cause of the slight distance between them. Both of them knew that the varlet's enemies would seek to visit their vengeance on his closest friends." (Camp was correct in his analysis; MacDonald did not get his coveted senatorship.)

My only cavil with *Points of Departure* is that it doesn't deal at great enough length with the "tumultuous" years between 1963 when, with the Tory party coming apart at the seams, Camp acted as Diefenbaker's loyal campaign chairman and 1967 when, with Camp's substantial but covert help, Robert Stanfield succeeded to the PC leadership. More needs to be written, and Camp is the man to do it.

—Harry Flemming

Thoughts of "the varlet." Dalton Camp, that is

No man can help how he looks, but union leaders, from John L. Lewis to Dennis McDermott, look too much like men who would shut down the incubators of a hospital nursery to get another teabreak for a union of clerks.

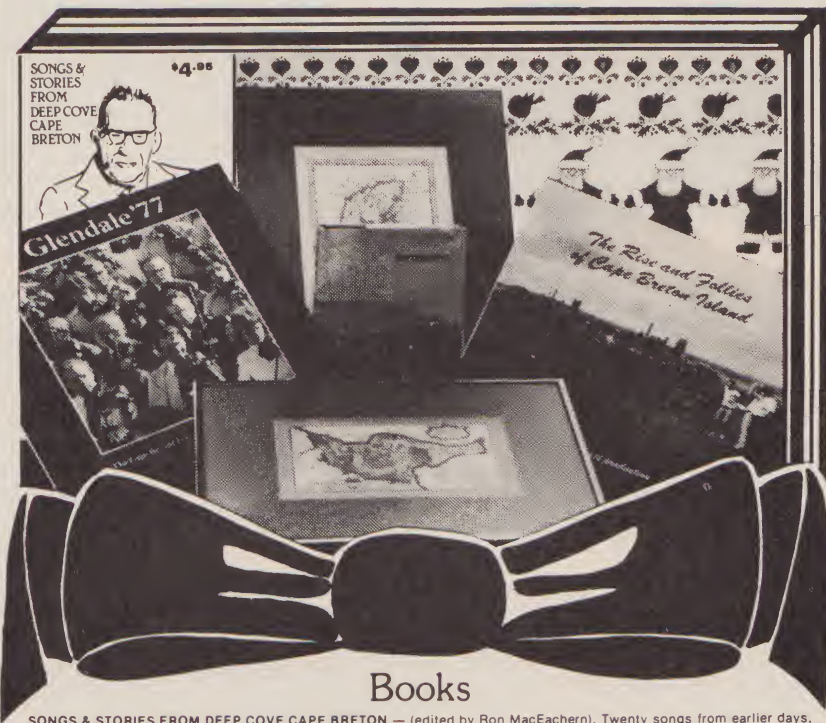
A touring politician without his polls would be as naked of inspiration as a circuit preacher without his Bible.

The essentials of Canadian politics are few: The system needs good enough men to make it work and enough fools to make it interesting. Of all the parties, none is more interesting than the Progressive Conservative party of Canada.

Were [Joe Clark] to drown in a bowl of soup tonight, all would mourn him but recall that he was never much of a swimmer.

Populism [is] the shell-game of demagogues, a way of paying off the rubes in the coin of rhetoric.

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The Law

Legal rights for non-union workers: In N.S. they're less than meets the eye

Vaughan Savage was personnel manager at United Elastic Limited in Bridgetown, N.S., for almost 12 years. In January 1978, he was one of a handful of employees dismissed, the company said, for economic reasons. Savage didn't believe it—and at 60, he was afraid he'd never find another job—so he decided to fight. Last month the Nova Scotia Supreme Court handed down a decision which could affect the future of long-term, non-unionized employees who wind up in Savage's predicament. But it also indicated that the province's unique legal provision for such employees may offer them only limited protection.

The case centred on Section 67A of the provincial Labor Standards Code. It says that an employer cannot fire an employee after 10 years of service without "just cause." Only Nova Scotia has such legislation. Other provinces depend on common law which says an employee can be dismissed at any time if sufficient notice is given. Section 67A was added to Nova Scotia's Labor Standards Code in 1975. It was supposed to give an extra measure of protection to long-term employees not represented by a union. But until *Savage vs. United Elastic*, no one knew what kind of protection it offered.

Under common law, a wrongfully dismissed employee is entitled to sue his former employer only for damages equal to the amount of notice which should have been given. Savage wanted more than that. His firing was a tremendous shock, he says. He became listless, depressed and unable to face his friends for the first month and a half afterward. Despite 41 years of white-collar employment (he worked at the Bank of Nova Scotia for 29 years before going to United Elastic), he's now working as a janitor at CFB Greenwood.

He took United Elastic—owned by the multinational J.P. Stevens & Co.—to court in September, asking for damages based on loss of income and future income, extreme personal embarrassment and loss of reputation. His lawyer, Walter Newton of Kentville, argued that

because section 67A makes a wrongful dismissal of a 10-year employee illegal, it should then provide for damages beyond those available under common law. Mr. Justice Peter Richard didn't agree, but his decision is still a landmark, Newton says, "because at least now we know that section 67A doesn't mean anything extra in terms of damages if you're wrongfully dismissed."

What it means is that Nova Scotia's legislation isn't as progressive as it seemed. Newton says a favorable decision for his client would have meant increasingly liberal settlements for 10-year employees dismissed without cause. As it stands, a wrongfully dismissed employee who, like Vaughan Savage, doesn't want his job back, gets nothing in Nova



Savage never bought the company's story

Scotia that isn't available under common law in other provinces.

There is one difference: Section 67A presumes an employee has a right to his job after 10 years. Common law assumes only that an employee is entitled to due notice before being fired. In future, Newton says, he'll encourage clients to apply for reinstatement as a lever for getting bigger settlements. "If the employer really wants to get rid of the guy," says Newton, "he'll probably be more willing to negotiate."

Ross Mitchell, director of the Labor Standards Code, thinks section 67A has already made a difference in the kind of settlements that long-term employees have received. Before, they might have got nothing more than the "golden handshake." Now, companies pay up rather than face court action. In Savage's case, United Elastic offered a \$2,500 settlement before it got into court. (After 12 years as a personnel manager, Savage was still making less than \$9,000 a year.)

Mr. Justice Richard didn't deal with the issue of whether Savage was wrongfully dismissed. The trial was cut short when Savage agreed, on Newton's advice, to accept the \$2,500 settlement. He had already got three months' severance pay.

In January 1978, the company told Savage his job was being eliminated. They offered him a job in the boiler-room but that didn't work out since he had had no experience in that area, and after three months he was fired. Savage never bought the company's story. He says that when he wrote asking for a statement of earnings, the letter came back signed by a new personnel manager. United Elastic says that Savage's dismissal was economically necessary, and that his duties were doubled up with another management job. The company was able to convince Labor Standards Code staff, who investigated Savage's complaint. But any hope for legal settlement of whether or not Savage was wrongfully dismissed died when the trial did.

Section 67A does not prohibit 10-year employees from being dismissed for economic reasons. "There are many factors that limit the application of 67A," Ross Mitchell says, though he still considers it a "major and significant limit" on companies who want to get rid of long-term employees. Newton says that cases like Vaughan Savage's will become more common in the next few years. "These national and multinational companies don't realize that Nova Scotia is unique," Newton says. "Once you have an employee for 10 years, you can't just get rid of him. You're married to him."

—Sue Calhoun



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Media

The paper war on the St. Croix: Canadians are winning

*In Calais, Me., you get your
news from St. Stephen, N.B.*

On one page is the weekly letter from Charlotte County member of Parliament, Fred McCain. Facing it is the Washington newsletter from Senator William Cohen of Maine. Page 1 has a headline story dealing with a school-funding crisis in Maine, while below it is the latest news on an amalgamation dispute concerning several New Brunswick communities.

Readers of the bi-weekly *Saint Croix Courier* and *Courier Weekend* stick-handle with ease between Canadian and American news. Many regular subscribers have ties to both countries which make the dual news content a bonus. The *Courier* started publishing at St. Stephen, N.B., in 1865 and for most of the time since, it's been the dominant publication in nearby Calais, Me., as well. But in the last two years, the *Courier* has really pulled out in front of its smaller U.S. competitor, *The Calais Advertiser*, to become a genuine international newspaper.

Things took off on the American side of the St. Croix when the *Courier* opened a full-time bureau in Calais, staffed by Americans, including an advertising manager. Calais merchants, eager to reach local residents and potential Canadian customers, bought space and the revenue—in higher-value American dollars—allowed the *Courier* to expand its editorial content.

Courier Weekend followed a little more than a year ago with advertising surplus from the Wednesday paper. It features family-oriented editorial material not unlike the old *Family Herald*. Both papers are growing steadily. The Wednesday edition (8600 copies) and the *Weekend* (3200) reach readers as far afield as McAdam and Blacks Harbour in New Brunswick, and Eastport and Woodland in Maine.

Julian Walker, 28-year-old editor of both papers, and a native of Charlotte County says success is an outgrowth of the papers' credibility. "We're inde-

pendently owned and our news policy is more aggressive than most papers, whether it's a Canadian or an American story." Walker, whose father, David Walker, is a well-known novelist, grew up in St. Andrews, and worked on the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal*, *The Montreal Star* and the *Ottawa Journal*. When the job opening came up at the *Courier*, he came home where he's "happy as all get out" running the two papers.

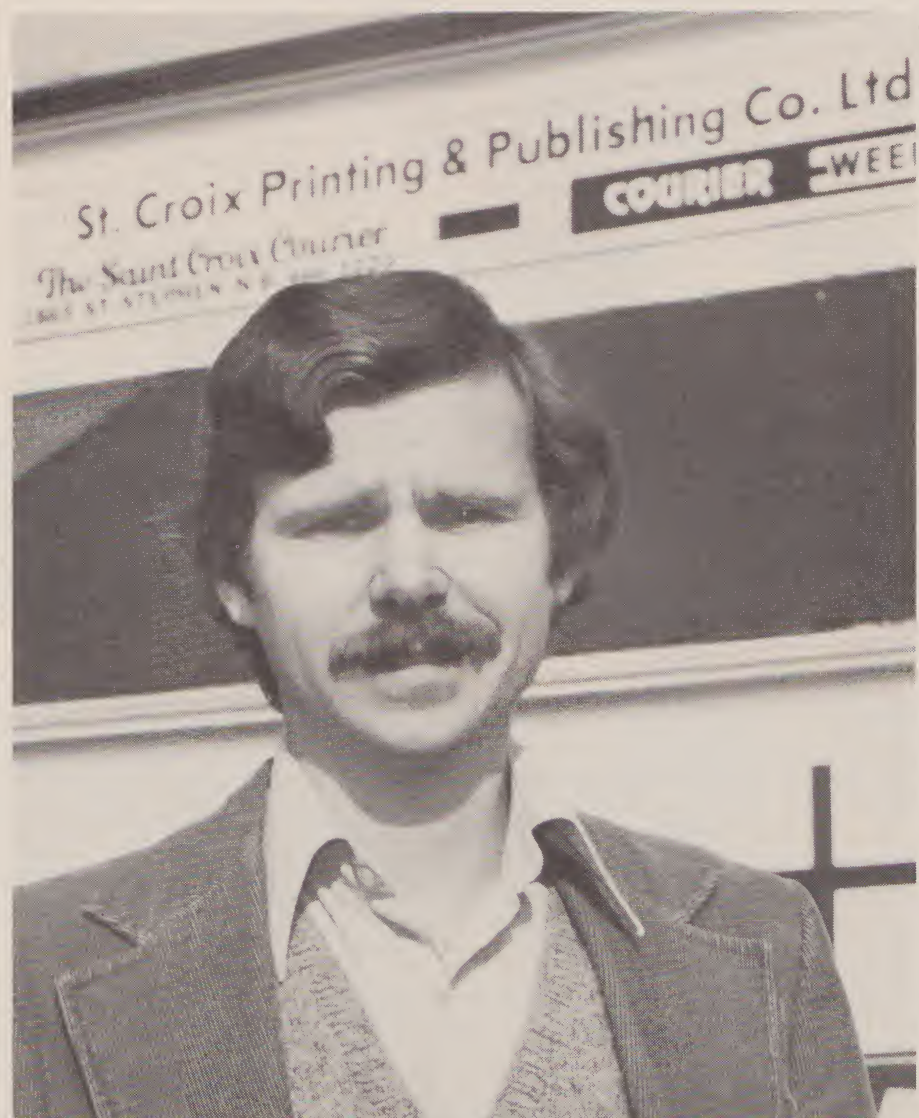
In six months Walker has tightened up reportage and covered local disputes on both sides of the border, turning out hard-hitting editorials. He thinks that though the *Courier* may be a local paper, "we have a lot of issues here of major importance to everyone. This includes the proposed Pittston oil refinery, Point Lepreau and the famous budworm dialogue." Editorial meetings can be at either office and the Calais bureau staffers work around the fact that they're in the eastern time zone, which means their day starts and ends later than the St. Stephen staff.

Some Canadian readers resent their newspaper becoming more U.S. orient-

ed, but the reaction seems to be dying out. The three American staffers admit they run into occasional complaints from Calais residents who don't like the idea of advertising money going to a Canadian paper. "The people here often think we're Canadians," Roger Scott says with amusement while Dorothy Johnson adds, "We never really think of ourselves as working for a Canadian paper. It's the local paper, that's all."

The *Courier's* dual makeup may give its readers a broader attitude toward local issues. Ann Breault, who's worked for the paper, says, "It's impossible not to have interests on both sides of the border. Because we become aware of different problems and issues that affect our neighbors, I think we're better informed." U.S. politicians flood the *Courier's* Calais office with press releases, acknowledging the paper's importance to local voters. But, so far, there seems to be no sign of official displeasure at the "foreign takeover" of media on the St. Croix.

—John Porteous



Walker: The *Courier* may be a local paper. But the issues concern everyone



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Business

McCain's equals spud power

From the riverside village of Florenceville, N.B., the McCain boys run a multinational empire that may just be making more french-fries than anyone else in the world

By Robert Nielson

Bigness and success bring penalties as well as rewards. Launched on a loan and a dare in 1957, McCain's, the frozen food firm, was by the Seventies important enough to enter the corporate mythology and demonology of Canada. It's been resilient enough to survive knocks from the national media—although survival is too meek a word for the business vocabulary of Harrison McCain, the boss of this closely held family enterprise.

McCain's ever-onward-and-upward style was capsuled in his 1979 New Year's message to 5,000 employees. He thanked them for raising the company's revenues to \$250 million in 1978, then said: "Now, let's look ahead—we do not believe in hard times, in cutting back, in conserving our capital. We do believe in expansion, in building volume, in acquiring more businesses and in 1979 we are going to push ourselves forward at a faster rate." So McCain's sales reached \$350 million in fiscal 1979 and full speed ahead remains the plan for 1980.

The company's achievement is to have won national and international acceptance of its products while most Maritime processing businesses were struggling, and often failing, to hold their share of local and regional markets. McCain's is one of the largest frozen food companies in the world and may be the largest producer of frozen french-fried potatoes. Harrison McCain isn't sure and won't make the claim until he is. And if the company is big

globally, it is nothing short of gigantic as an economic force in the Upper Saint John River Valley. Delbert Simonds of Royalton's regard for the talent of Harrison and his partner-brother Wallace almost amounts to idolatry. "If it wasn't for McCain's," Simonds says, "I wouldn't be growing one quarter of the 14,000 barrels I've contracted to sell them this year. And if it wasn't for McCain's, you could shoot a cannon down the main street of Florenceville and never strike a soul."

Not all who acknowledge McCain's dominating importance are as happy about it as Simonds. Some think that if it wasn't for McCain's, potato farmers and that threatened institution, the family farm, might be in better shape. How the McCains use their enormous power in dealing with suppliers and employees is a matter of constant interest and some disagreement in the New Brunswick potato belt.

Critics belabor them for continuing to seek and receive government handouts while prospering mightily. Harrison McCain isn't apologetic about this, or about any other McCain policy.

To walk from his reception desk into his office is to pass from the easy-going ambience of a New Brunswick village to the electric tension of



FRANK DERBAH

Harrison McCain: No apologies

a big-city boardroom on decision day. The fuse is Harrison McCain, lean and fit, casually dressed, brimming with self-confidence and impatient purpose. He fires words at machine-gun speed. "How long are you going to stay?" he barks after the introduction ritual. "I love you, but how long are you going to stay?" In the end he is quite obliging,



Little old Florenceville is world headquarters

In '78, sales of \$250 million. In '79, \$350 million. In '80, "full speed ahead"



yielding 40 minutes from the direction of the McCain empire and agreeing to a cleanup interview weeks later.

On the subsidy question, he slows the pace briefly to lay down a dictum: "I say a well-placed government grant or government loan in a depressed area is absolutely and unequivocally the greatest bargain the Canadian people will ever get." His favorite case in point is, of course, not Clairtone or Come-By-Chance or Bricklin but McCain's. "The government has put a few million dollars of grants into McCain's in New Brunswick—and as a result they save maybe \$25 million a year, every year. So the grants, while important to McCain's, are just incidental, just a fly spot on the wall, compared to the benefits that have accrued."

According to company figures, McCain's has received \$8,846,322 in DREE grants, more than three-quarters of it for plant expansion in New Brunswick. However, the company says the net cost to the taxpayer is approximately half that amount, or \$4.4 million, because the grants can't be used for capital cost allowances in figuring income tax. The province of New Brunswick guaranteed 13 capital loans by McCain's, totalling \$8,510,500, and made a direct loan of \$1.5 million in 1975. There have been no defaults. But what the governments get back on these investments can't be fixed because a key figure is missing: The income taxes paid to the federal and provincial treasuries by McCain's itself. Revealing that would indicate McCain's profits which, as a privately held company, it is not obliged to disclose. It doesn't. But the payback is probably substantial. It

Delbert Simonds: Definitely not a critic

includes more than \$1 million a year paid to the province by McCain's in real estate, fuel, social services and education taxes; income and other taxes generated by the company's payrolls, currently \$20 million a year; and all the taxes generated by the fact that McCain's spends nearly \$40 million a year in New Brunswick for goods and services, excluding payrolls.

Why should such a flourishing company get government handouts at all? "When you see a likely prospect for expansion, wouldn't you do it anyway, DREE grant or no DREE grant?" I asked Harrison McCain.

"Likely I would, yes, but not

necessarily in New Brunswick. You know, we have factories in England, Australia, Quebec City and Vancouver; so why do it in New Brunswick? If we were building a factory today, to make frozen pizza, say, would you build it in New Brunswick? No, you wouldn't, and nobody else would either. You'd build it closer to the big markets."

According to McCain, DREE grants only partly offset the economic handicaps of locating in New Brunswick. The proof, he says, is that they don't provide enough incentive for Standard Brands or General Foods to put plants in the Atlantic provinces. But if DREE grants don't make up the difference,

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Business

what does? The answer is implied, rather than stated: The attachment of native sons, Harrison and Wallace, to their home town and home province. Harrison admits to only one sentimental item on the list of 55 McCain food products—fiddleheads. "If they said tomorrow we're losing our shirt packing fiddleheads, I'd say we're not quitting, just because it's New Brunswick. The other products are all based on hard numbers: What's the market share? What's the margin?"

His reputation is that of an extra-tough, extra-shrewd operator, and he plays the role as convincingly as George C. Scott played General Patton. Some farmers attest to it, claiming that McCain Foods is tough on grading potatoes, tough on money penalties for imperfect color and, above all, tough on price. One farmer points out that



McCain's plant: Pay scales seem reasonable

McCain's charges farmers 18% on credit sales by its farm equipment subsidiary. It's the same as other farm machinery firms, but he suggests McCain's could afford to charge less—something close to bank interest rates—since it usually has the farmer's contracted potato crop as security.

Harrison concedes it's a valid point: "The reason is that we don't want to put up the money. If we charged the bank rate, or the bank rate plus 1%, every farmer in the country would buy all his fertilizer and equipment from us, and charge it all. It wouldn't be McCain Foods any longer, it would be McCain Bank. And we're not in the banking business."

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sonality yields on occasion to the country tradition of neighborliness and helpfulness in time of trouble. Toughness is often softened by the *noblesse oblige* of village aristocracy—which is what the McCain family would still be in Florenceville even if Harrison and Wallace had never amounted to more than routine local businessmen. When the roof burned off a farmer's potato house in midwinter, McCain's shut off other suppliers, diverted its trucks and hauled all his potatoes out in one day before they could freeze—including potatoes not contracted to them. The McCain's private jets are available in an emergency to anyone who needs a very fast trip to a Saint John, Toronto or Montreal hospital.

The text for McCain-knockers was laid down by Walter Stewart in a chapter of his 1974 book *Hard to Swallow*. Stewart pictured the McCains as the archetypal villains of modern agribusiness, latter-day versions of the Anglo-Irish landlords who razed the hovels of starving peasants during the Famine, the better to get on with scientific farming. It was all ripe, infuriating stuff.

Without noting the nationwide, long-term trend to fewer farms and farmers, Stewart blamed McCain's for making this happen in the N.B. potato belt. He accepted as established fact the argument that farmers have been "forced off the land" by McCain's. The truth is almost the exact opposite, according to James Patterson of the Western N.B. Potato Agency, N.B. Agriculture Minister Malcolm MacLeod, and many of the district farmers. They say the net impact of McCain's has been to sustain farming, to slow (though not to halt) the exodus from the land. This agrees with the visible evidence: The Upper Saint John Valley is among the more prosperous-looking farming areas of the Maritimes, and less farmland has gone back to bush than in adjacent parts of New Brunswick, partly because McCain's has bought 4,800 acres of land and kept it producing.

As proof of McCain's ruthlessness, Stewart wrote that if a farmer's crop failed and he was unable to deliver the agreed number of barrels, the company's contract entitled it to go into the market and make up the shortfall—"and then charge the farmer the difference between the contract figure and the market for all the potatoes he fails to deliver." What's more, he said, McCain's had actually enforced this and successfully sued a farmer for \$8,196.37 when he ran short on his contract and failed to pay up.

McCain's took four farmers to court, not one; but it didn't sue them for innocently falling short on their con-

tracts due to crop failure. It sued them for selling on the free market—which soared high that year—potatoes they had already harvested and stored and committed to McCain's. The company's standard potato contract now asks the grower to advise in writing by Nov. 1 if he is going to be short, and adds: "If this is due to crop failure or an act of God...the Company will cancel the portion of the contract that the Grower cannot deliver."

A 1976 television program by the CBC's *Fifth Estate* covered the same ground as Stewart, though more cautiously. But McCain's felt it was far more damaging to the company's image

because it was viewed by millions whereas the book was read by thousands. The firm still presumes its sales were harmed, without putting a dollar figure on the loss. *The Fifth Estate* interviewed two farmers who said they had quit growing potatoes for McCain's because they couldn't make a decent living out of it. Their opposites, farmers who prosper by selling to McCain's and commit their whole potato crop to the company, weren't heard from. Neither was a more typical in-between group, who contract part of their crop to McCain's, complain about the company's prices, grading and delays in delivery, but feel safer having a known



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Business

price and assured payment for some of their harvest, instead of gambling it all on the market.

McCain's has not turned the potato belt into Happy Valley for farmers. Small farmers (under 200 acres) feel themselves being driven to the wall because they can neither afford to hire competent farm labor nor make economical use of expensive machinery which is in action only a few weeks a year. They hope for higher prices to bail them out. Mostly, they hope in vain.

The market for table potatoes is in decline and farmers who are struggling can't count on McCain's to rescue them. Some claim that the company's minimum contract price this fall—\$5 a barrel—was below their cost of production.

The potato agency negotiates contract prices with McCain's each spring, and boasts that it won a bigger price rise for the farmers in 1979 than any like agency in North America. But some farmers believe that McCain's, as buyer of more than half the local crop, can

and does set prices on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Yet the potato agency reports that on average over the years, McCain contract prices have proved a little higher than market prices, after counting the extra cost of preparing and shipping table potatoes.

McCain's used to have a reputation as a low-wage employer, and it's easy to find ex-employees of its Florenceville factory who support the charge. But its current pay rates seem to be defensible by local standards. The starting rate for unskilled work is about \$3.30 an hour, 50 cents above the provincial minimum wage, according to Canada Employment, and the average hourly wage, counting skilled workers, is \$5.

On one point admirers and critics agree: The word of a McCain—whether it's Harrison or Wallace or brother Andrew who runs the traditional family seed-potato business, McCain Produce Ltd., or their sprightly 88-year-old mother Laura—is just as good as a witnessed legal document. Probity has been, for generations, the mainstay of the McCain's high social standing. They were not a family of great wealth before the extraordinary success of McCain Foods.

To enlarge that success is Harrison McCain's ruling passion. He quotes Lord Beaverbrook: "The secret of success is no secret—it's single-mindedness of purpose" and says he's not as single-minded as he might be. He admits to three enthusiasms besides work: Politics, reading and skiing ("I'm not great, but bold").

STEPHEN HOLLER



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McCain's trucking firm: Sometimes, you win at others' expense

The politics is Liberal, and he's said to be one of the party's most effective money raisers. The politicians he most admires are federal Opposition Leader Pierre Trudeau and former N.S. premier Gerald Regan, among those living, and U.S. presidents Harry S. Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt, among the departed. Although he's read hundreds of biographies of businessmen, he can't think of any one who has specially influenced his thinking or methods, not even K.C. Irving, for whom he worked before he and Wallace entered the frozen food business.

Enemies? "I can't think of one person in the world today that I despise, not one. That's not because I'm sanctimonious, or of very high moral character. I just think it's the greatest waste of energy in the world, to hate somebody or to continue feuding with somebody. Now I can erupt, blow up and say lots of things, but I can't think of anyone I hate."

But are there people who feel enmity toward him? "Yes. We've built up quite a good-sized business; obviously some of it, not all of it, has to be at somebody else's expense, and I'm sure some of those people don't like it. And the farmers in this area are generally prosperous, but not all of them have prospered, and to those who haven't, no doubt we're culpable."

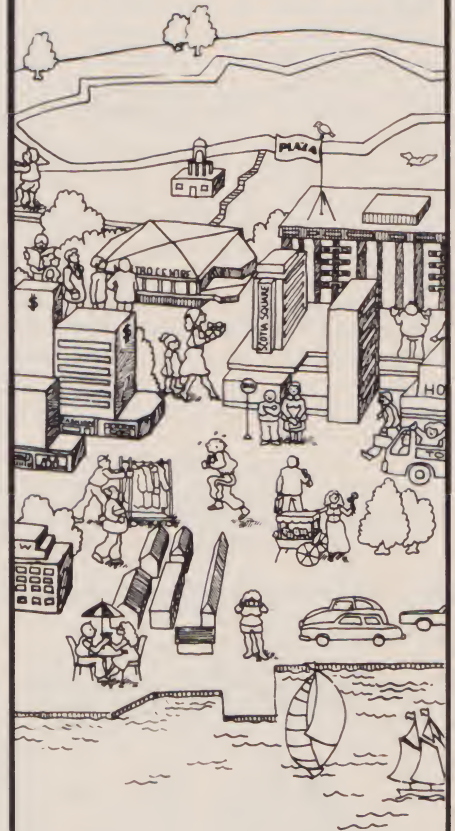
Joe Palmer, head of McCain's trucking company, Day and Ross, is a long-time friend who has observed Harrison McCain closely: "He has a fantastic memory, and his memory is just as good

when a deal goes against him as when it goes for him. When he loses on a deal he pays the bills and keeps on going—and he has been in deals where he dropped one or two million. When he wins on a deal he expects everybody else to play by the same rules. His number one strength is ability to come up with ideas that are ahead of the time in the business world."

Palmer calls McCain "the most disciplined man I've ever met. In his world, there's a time and a place for everything. And he can be dignified or undignified, whichever suits the occasion." He recalls a deal several years ago: "We were buying a trucking company in Saint John and had agreed in principle what we'd pay for it. I was down there with the auditors and accountants, and we had got to the last step when the representative of the other company said: 'I didn't get enough, and I won't sign unless you throw in that Mark IV automobile of Harrison McCain's.' I did, without hesitation. The next day I drove up a little red Volkswagen to replace it, and Harrison used it for a few weeks until he bought a new car. I knew that if he'd been in the room he'd have thrown in the Mark IV. He's a dealer; you have to be to produce business."

Patterson, of the potato agency, says New Brunswick needs a dozen more families like the McCains, and thinks it would be ideal if one of them were a competitor in potato processing. It would bid up the price paid the farmers.

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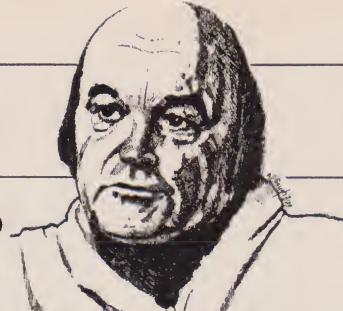
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Dalton Camp's column



A Province of Acadia: Why not?

It might keep folks happy. And it's no sillier than Maritime union

Some 1,012 French-speaking delegates attended a three-day conference held in Edmundston, N.B., this past October to discuss the future of New Brunswick's Acadians. Asked to fill out a questionnaire on the subject of the conference, about 800 did so and 48.4% of those opted for an Acadian province. Another 7% wanted a separate country, while about a third of those voting elected to remain New Brunswickers, but with some structural changes in their relationships with the provincial government. And just to complete the tabulations, less than 1% of those who turned in the questionnaire voted to join the United States, and another fraction of a percent voted for doing nothing.

By the time the media had finished with the story, most people had the notion that a majority of the delegates had voted for separation, a conclusion

nudged along by such banner headlines as "Separate Province Wanted," which read to me like something for the classified columns. And, of course, the reportage provided a field day for person-on-the-street television interviews and open-mouth radio shows.

A week after the event, after these celebrations were over, it had become impossible to convince any spectator of the hard fact that of 1,012 reported present at the conference, about 56 of them voted for a form of separation resembling the present Quebec péquiste model, or that only about 387 delegates voted for the option of an Acadian province. Furthermore, no one questioned the degree to which the minority of "separatists" at the conference were representative of the 240,000 citizens who make up New Brunswick's Acadian community.

But as George Drew once remarked,

sorrowfully, it is not so important what the facts are as what people think they are. Once it had been established that the majority present at the conference had determined they wanted a "separate province" the cat was among the pigeons. So the next voice we heard came from the Loyal Orange Lodge which announced it had written Richard Hatfield, the Premier of New Brunswick, demanding an explanation of how come the provincial government had subsidized this mutinous conference to the amount of \$20,000. (The federal government had chipped in more than \$150,000 and the Quebec government had kindly donated \$75,000, which would indicate, if anything, that New Brunswick's contribution was relatively modest, perhaps even mean.)

As well, provincial Liberal leader Joe Daigle, himself an Acadian, announced that the "status quo" was no longer acceptable to the Acadian people, a declaration with which only .05% of

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those completing questionnaires at the conference would take serious issue. But it was time to sound off.

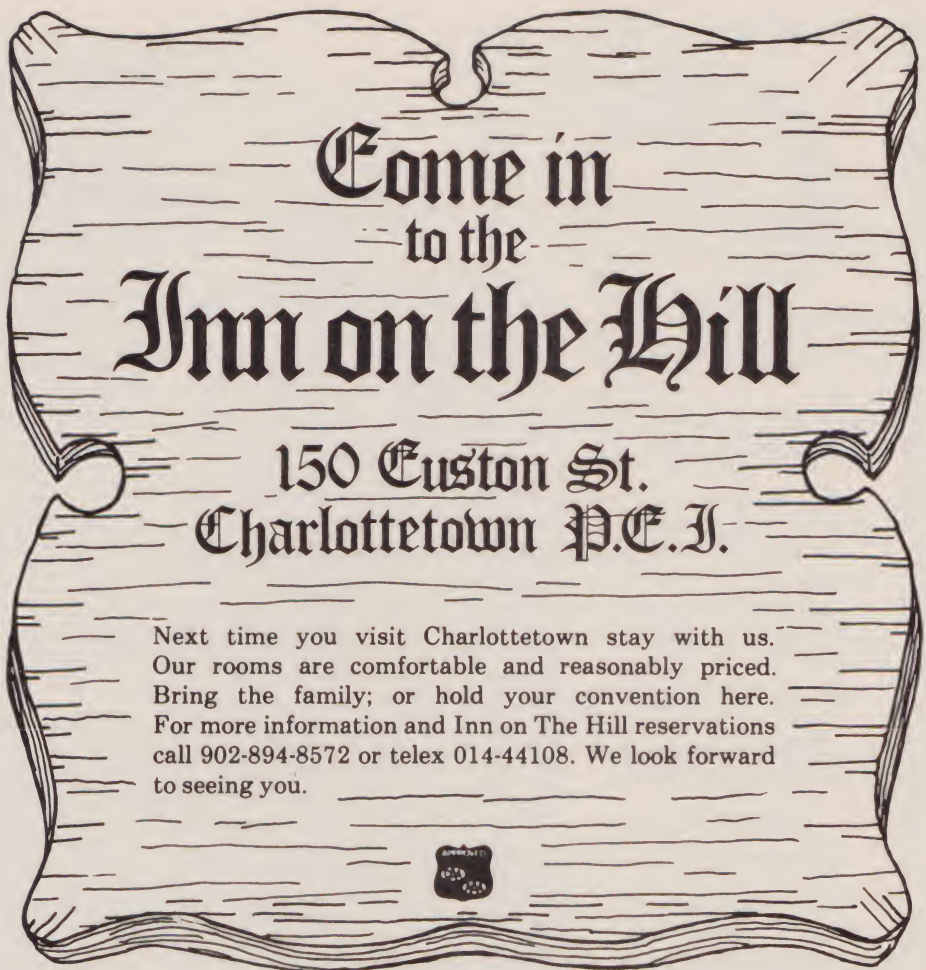
The net result of these excitements has been to introduce an atmosphere of testiness into Acadian-anglophone relationships, a good deal of it based upon a misreading of the conference proceedings and its conclusions, if indeed a straw poll may be deemed as such. We do enjoy making troubles for ourselves.

So saying, of course, one runs the risk of seeming indifferent to the historic insecurity of the Acadians, who have, God knows, reason enough to feel constantly the centrifugal forces of North American life. But if the leadership of the Parti Acadien is lunatic enough to crusade for a "separate country" in northern New Brunswick, then the struggle by the Acadians for a more assertive role in politics and government will be crushed by the weight of such absurdity. Indeed, if one wished to see the Acadians forever oppressed, one could be clever about it by sending money to every spokesman who promised to preach the gospel of Acadian separatism. It is, as recent events have demonstrated, a sure way of blinding everyone to the merits of the issues being raised today in northern New Brunswick.

As for the 387—or so—delegates to the conference who expressed a preference for a separate Acadian province, they will not hear much argument from me. Not, mind you, because I want them out of New Brunswick but because I have never been able to take provincial boundaries seriously. After all, the Prime Minister of Canada himself has pledged to make provinces out of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories, and there is considerable sentiment among Franco-Ontarians that they should become a province. And I've heard the same sentiments expressed in Labrador and—yes—even in Toronto.

I'm in favor of people being comfortable in Canada and if allowing the Acadians to become another province will help, it's the least we can afford to do. After all, in that mightiest of democracies to the south there are already 50 states—and they're still counting. A province of Acadia would be larger than, say, the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined, and with a population already twice that of the great province of Prince Edward Island.


As a democrat and lower-case conservative, I think the idea of an Acadian province has more to be said for it than the other idea, circulating in these parts, of Maritime union. We would be wiser to mull it over before digging our heels into the turf and asking ourselves—once again—"What do they want?"



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Resources

Glory be! Fox farming makes a quiet comeback

Keith Milligan of Tyne Valley, P.E.I., bought 15 silver foxes for \$250 each in '74. He now has 150, and they're each worth \$1,200-\$1,500. Moreover, all of them are spoken for. Someone in Alaska recently asked him for 50 pairs of breeders, but Milligan couldn't come anywhere near filling the order. Keith's partner is his father, and since the older Milligan once worked for the Milligan-Morrison Ranch at Northam, P.E.I., they neatly bridge the famous old time of "silver fever" on the Island and a new time in which the fever may be returning all over the Maritimes.

The Milligan-Morrison operation was once an empire of 35 associated ranches in the Maritimes and New England and, though nothing of that size exists today, the industry is enjoying its biggest upsurge in decades. Pelt prices have jumped 100% in five years. In the early Fifties prices plunged to \$7; today, a premium pelt may fetch \$700. Just since '74 the price of registered breeding foxes has quintupled, and the number of Maritime breeders has risen from 20 to 150. The return of good times results partly from the fact that,

despite the publicized contempt of those who think the fur business is barbaric, furs of all kinds are back in fashion. Trends used to favor either short-haired furs (mink, muskrat) or long-haired furs (fox, lynx, wolf) but both kinds are now getting their share of the market. A full-length coat of silver fox might cost you \$18,000.

The increase in new ranchers means most established farmers sell their animals not as pelts but as breeders. The pelt supply has therefore remained constant, even though demand and price—determined at the annual Hudson's Bay Fur Auction in Pointe Claire, Que.,—have increased. (Only about 1,190 silver-fox pelts sold at the last auction, and since a single ranch in the Twenties could annually produce 2,000, it's clear the industry has room to expand.) Some breeders feel it's important to put more pelts on the market to attract more buyers and, at the same time, raise the status of the auction among international fur traders. Even if the price drops a bit as a result, it should become stable at a profitable level.

Keith Milligan got into fox ranching



A full-length silver fox coat could cost \$18,000



Foxes integrate with existing farms

because, while researching a paper on its history at the University of P.E.I., he noticed the price of pelts was climbing again. He bought his first foxes from Lloyd Lockerby of Hamilton, P.E.I. Lockerby had worked for his own grandfather in the business, lived through its decline in the Thirties, its partial recovery after the discovery of the mutant "platinum" fox, its decimation during the Second World War. He tried mink in the Fifties but, in the late Sixties, when silver fox began its comeback, he returned to his first love. Now he has 70 breeding females. They are the most profitable and least troublesome part of his farm.

Men like Lockerby, with fox expertise, help new breeders maintain the reputation for superior animals that Canada has enjoyed ever since the industry first took off on the Island. That was almost 70 years ago. Now, the number of Island breeders has jumped from 10 to 60 in five years. There were only five ranches in New Brunswick in 1975; today, there are more than 30. The Nova Scotia Agricultural College lists 51 breeders, an increase of at least 40 just since '76. Ranches in New Brunswick tend to be big, in Nova Scotia they're small, on the Island both big and small.

For many new breeders, the appeal of fox ranching is that you can integrate it with an existing farm, or form a partnership with a farmer. Then there's the promise of \$700 for a top-quality pelt. Since most of us won't be blowing \$18,000 on a coat, the best way to see silver fox is to visit a ranch. Try it. They really do have fur that's as beautiful as any in the world.

—Charles Lapp



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First Person

The surfacing of Max Bentley

On Sydney harbor, "a moment of grace and venture"

By Silver Donald Cameron

In Vancouver, the kids are playing hockey. Maple Leaf sweaters. Shin pads. Padded gloves.

"I'm Syl Apps!"

"I'm Teeder Kennedy!"

"I'm Howie Meeker!"

"You can't be Howie Meeker, you gotta be Turk Broda. You're in goal."

"Yeah, but ..."

"I'm Max Bentley!"

That's me. Eleven years old. Left wing. Making like Max Bentley.

"CAAAAAAR!"

We scuttle for the gutter. "A modern car!" someone shouts. It's a '48 Studebaker. Its tire thumps the stone that serves as a goal post.

We are furious that eastern kids have real ice to play on. We use the road. We wear roller skates. Roller skates? Well, how would *you* play hockey in Vancouver?

Bedtime reveries. Foster Hewitt screaming into a microphone in mythical Maple Leaf Gardens. *And it's Cameron coming up fast on the left wing, cutting in on goal—he shoots! HE SCORES! The Maple Leafs win the Stanley Cup in the second period of overtime and the crowd goes wild! Sure. On roller skates?*

A rare visit to the Forum. We hang on the boards, sucking in the smell of sweat and liniment, recoiling as huge padded men hurtle into the corners past our noses. *Snick snick snick*, the sound of sharp blades on perfect ice. *Bap-bap*, as the puck passes from stick to stick. Grace and speed, like falcons or ballerinas.

Then a cold snap, ice on Lost Lagoon, and crushing truth. *Pavement is not ice. You'll never learn to skate in Vancouver. Forget the NHL.*

Roll 30 years past quickly. Examinations and degrees, mortgages and playpens, pay cheques and Flight 608. Hockey? It's a joke. The NHL has 400 teams, in places like Birmingham, Atlanta and maybe Cheyenne and Pensacola. Who knows? Who cares?

My wrists care. They remember hockey. In 1971, at 34, I find a spare evening in Montreal. I go to the Forum and watch my first and only NHL game. The Canadiens whip the Black Hawks. The blood rises. I am on my feet, roaring. Only hockey makes me do that. All

other sports are dull and foreign.

I live now in the ice-shrouded east, and I scarcely use my skates. But come up now on a winter afternoon in Sydney. I am 41. I confront large bills with a small income. Tax time approaches. The car needs tires. The accounting is a shambles. I'm writing badly. I bark at people who love me, kick the dog and feel inept, ugly and imprisoned, like a man struggling in heavy clay mud.

Then I look out the window at a gleaming afternoon. For the first and perhaps last time this year, Sydney harbor is a solid, hard, clear sheet of ice. School's out. Behind city hall a mob of moppets with pucks and sticks scramble out from shore onto the most enormous rink you can imagine. Yeah!



My ankles are weak, I'm clumsy and awkward. Hunched over, taking long, cautious strides, I skate past the dairy, skirt a tiny freighter, observe a flock of ducks like black bubbles on the ice. The dog pads warily behind me.

Behind Atlantic Spring and Machine, I spot a bladeless, broken hockey stick. With the stick in my hand, my muscles remember. Freedom bursts over me. I sweep out into the middle of the harbor, slapping imaginary pucks, the dog loping happily beside me.

Half a dozen hockey games, all over the harbor. Skaters like water beetles in the silver distance. I shoot across to Westmount. Waterside houses. Yacht club. Zip in between wharfs to admire a huge ferro-cement ketch. Linger over the flowing lines of beached boats.

Distant Sydney offers a new perspective. Wharfs, marine railways, the black slag heap of the steel plant. Its grim enormous cranes, like angular storks, hang motionless over the water. Against the metallic sky its plume of orange smoke streams downwind, eerie and almost pleasing. Ships lie frozen to their piers. Shabby warehouses, glimmering steel and glass, spacious wooden houses, tracteries of wire and towers. A crackling and savory city.

Three motorcyclists roar by, tossing up rooster tails of ice chips. Snowmobiles faintly whine at Sydney River. Hockey games flower everywhere. Whole families flow onto the ice, flying celebrants of an undeclared festival.

My shins hurt. At the base of my spine a knot of muscle complains. Yet I could skate forever. On the vast plain of ice, no corridors or roads direct me. The tactile moment freezes: Cold, speed, silence. Momentarily, freedom seems complete.

A long, fast arc, lapping one leg over the other, and a flight towards shore, chased by a happy dog. The sun kisses the hills, gilds the silver afternoon. Ahead of me on the ice stretches a tall shadow man, his arms and legs swaying rhythmically, each leg swinging out in a flickering line as casually lovely as the flaring lip of a bell. Voices, faint in the distance, and the *snick snick snick* of sharp blades on perfect ice, and a hockey stick with no blade.

A moment of grace and venture. Forty-one years old, making like Max Bentley. The surly billpayer is vanquished. And the shadow man is actually beautiful.



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Essay

Tin Pigs and Raisins

How a major Atlantic Canadian poet and novelist remembered Christmas on the farm—in the shimmering Pool of Then - By Charles Bruce



ILLUSTRATION BY DINA NOORDERMEER

The late Charles Bruce wrote these memories of his boyhood Christmas a quarter-century ago. When they turned up in his papers Harry Bruce, editor of Atlantic Insight, decided they were still a prose celebration of the season that the magazine's readers would like. Charles was Harry's father.

To a kid of four or five or six, time is the Pool of Now. The pool is quiet, but never still. All kinds of things are going on there, together.

You walk bare-footed in the dust on your first day of school. Schoolhouse, teacher and the yellow ragwort by the road are ripples on the surface of the pool; but all today and all the past are part of it. Your father's laughing talk of days when he too went to school, and scribbled in a birchbark copybook, is grass along the shores of it. The things you know that happened here, and things that happened far away (the time the army-worms ate up the hay, and galloping hoofs at a place called Balaclava) and the things still happening (daffodil helmets pushing up through melted ice each spring, and the *Titanic* sliding down the ways at Belfast) are sun and shadow on its water, or shining pebbles in its depths.

School, and home, and people and events; and the feel of knitted yarn, stretched tight around the lump of an orange in a stocking-toe, on Christmas morning on a Nova Scotia farm when you were four or five or six.

Past...present...and the dream of tomorrow. They gleam and shift and eddy in the pool. A little later, the things you know and feel, the things you love and hate and fear and hope for, become pulsing currents in that moving stream. But for a little while, just after the dawn of joy in the sensuous look and feel of things, and just before the long concern with life in the knowledge of good and evil, there is that shining pool...

Oddly, when you look back, the pool (or its shimmering mirage) is still there. People and events and places, laughter and tears and the words of songs—they drift and swirl and circle, far off and yet immeasurably close. (Except that now it is the Pool of Then.)

And so perhaps it's understandable that I cannot, now, separate the Year of the Flashlight from the Year of the Air Rifle, or the Year of the Layer Raisins from the Year of the Roast Goose. It may be, even, that I got both rifle and flashlight for Christmas the same year. It may be that the same black frosty night my father brought home the wooden box of layer raisins he brought as well the big fat goose.

I don't know and it doesn't matter. They are all there, clear and shining in themselves, in that shimmering pool of Then. Along with red and green tissue-paper bells, and a ceiling-high fir festooned with tinsel in a corner of The Room, firelight flickering in the Franklin stove (and a chicken-wing to brush the damper) and sleighbells at the gate and the girls coming home for Christmas.

The girls?...My sisters, all four of

them older than I, and all at some time or other schoolteachers. A list of the places they taught before they moved west reads like a section from the post office directory of Nova Scotia.

I knew about a gentleman named Santa Claus. I may have sent him an occasional postcard. But I feel sure that if I did it was only to be polite, a kind of insurance just in case. He never took rank in importance with Bess and Anna and Carrie and Zoe.

They keep the roads open for cars through the winter now, right down to the gravel, with a government plow. Forty years ago the term Welfare State had not come into the language, and the snow came deep and early. Our fathers would get out with shovels and "break" them so the mail could get through and the pungs and sleighs and sleds could get to town. One or two of the girls—depending on where they happened to be teaching that winter—might show up with the mail-driver the weekend before Christmas; but father always made at least one five-mile trip to Boylston, in the sleigh with the skittish mare Doll hauling it, to meet the boat from Mulgrave. Mother and I would watch the steamer coming up the bay, and at least once we stood out in the snow waving a red tablecloth at it, just in case Bess could see it from a pitching deck four or five miles away.

Anyhow, whether the final conveyance was the mail team or our own old sleigh with the buffalo-robe, they would come home with a suitcase full of parcels which must be locked away, until Christmas Eve, from the prying hands of a small persistent brother.

By that time, of course, our own shopping—father's and mother's and mine—had been done. It posed some curious problems. There'd be at least one evening trip to Boylston a week or so before Christmas and it was necessary for each of us to do some buying that must be secret from the others. Fortunately there were three general stores in Boylston, Atwater's, Anderson's and Pyle's. But even so, it was wise to do your buying with one eye on the merchandise and the other on the door.

Legal tender might be money or it might be butter and eggs. In my own case, on one or two occasions, it was snared rabbits, worth a quarter a pair. My judgment wasn't always perfect. I once blew the entire proceeds of a brace of frozen rabbits on one enlarged picture of Atwater's store. I don't know which sister I gave it to. I must have put some strain on the adage that the spirit means more than the gift.

I find now that Christmas, in the pool of Then, can hardly be pinpointed as a single day. Planning and shopping, and the fact that the girls were home

for a fortnight, and the entertainments that went on, stretched it out across the drifting seasons.

Entertainments. No schoolteacher worth her salt would let the holidays go without staging a "dialogue" in which her brighter pupils could star before the eyes of parents, with a hardwood fire going in the school stove—and a big tree in the corner, from under which Santa Claus (costumed in red cloth and rabbit fur) distributed net bags of colored candy.

But there are, of course, those memories swirling in the pool that have to do with The Day and nothing else. The big warm kitchen with the 100-year-old open stone fireplace (used as woodbox in my time) and the stove in front of it. And through a door The Room with its open Franklin and shining tree. A stocking (we wore long ones then, gartered above the knee) that might be hung in either kitchen or Room, but was sure to bulge on Christmas morning like something with mumps. The red tin pig that ran when you wound it up (very deep in the pool, that, on the far fringe of memory), the Daisy air rifle that was a dream come true (I'd gazed at it in the catalogue for months, and some kids said I'd never get it, but I did), the box of paints, the Chatterbox, the books...


A little later, mostly, the books. But not much. It was to mother, I think, that someone in the States sent one of A.E. Housman's volumes of poetry. I must have been 10 or 11 by that time. Maybe 12. I can still recall that tingling of the spine, discovering from the printed voice of that wonderful Irishman what men could do with words.

*The peacock twilight rays aloft
Its plumes and blooms of shadowy
fire...*

Shadowy fire...the pool of shadowy fire...All one, really: The girls and the red tin pig and the rifle and A.E. Frost on glass, and birch and maple burning in the Franklin, and beyond the windows the dark and the sweep of snow-covered country, and if you went to look, the faint recurring spark of a lighthouse, far across the bay.

Years later it would sometimes come to me:

*Stars in the dusk, and bells across
the night,
Dim hills against the sky, the fairy
foam
Of frost on glimmering windows, in
the light
Of hearthfires flickering on the
walls of home...*

By then, of course, the pool lay far among the private hills of childhood, half-remembered and half-guessed-at. The stream was flowing fast. 

Good Goose for Christmas

*with every last trimming....
and God rest ye merry bellies*

(For recipes, turn the page)





Christmas goose

Chef Don Campbell brings new style to some old favorites

Don Campbell is usually in the kitchen cooking, but tonight he's playing host and waiter too. His guests are mostly staff at The Captain's House in Chester, N.S. Campbell's the chef and he's laid out a Christmas feast that looks too good to eat. Not that it stops anyone: At the head of the table in the elegant but cozy dining room he carves the goose and everyone digs in. Compliments fly and Campbell says thank you. He seldom hears first-hand reaction from diners but that doesn't bother him: "I already know it's good. I don't send out anything that isn't my best."



Campbell: No gadgets or "brown carrots"

At 17, Campbell took a part-time job as a short-order cook in Gravenhurst, Ont., and decided to become a chef. He went to cooking school and worked in some big hotel restaurants. Now he's chef at "the kind of place I wanted to work at." The pace is hectic, the hours long, but he's crazy about it. He couldn't do it if he wasn't.

Resisting the temptations of gadgets and prepackaged food is a problem for any restaurant chef today. Instead of using canned apples, bakers at The Captain's House peel their own. And they make a lot of apple pies. "It's

a challenge to hold on to those kinds of things," Campbell says. He insists on fresh produce when easy-to-get canned or frozen vegetables would be easier. But for him super meals include super vegetables and he thinks it's sad that some cooks serve "grey beans" or "brown carrots" with delectable entrées.

Campbell believes in tough training for chefs. Cooking schools are fine but the real test comes on the job. Since the Canadian cooking scene is still dominated by Europeans, students need not go to Europe to apprentice. Campbell trained in the Toronto area under European chefs and moved around regularly because "I wanted to learn as much as I could." In '75 he became chef at The Doctor's House and Livery, Kleinburg, Ont.—its owner, John MacEachern, bought The Captain's House last year—and loved the new experience: "In a small place you have more control."

Coming to Chester wasn't a big adjustment. Campbell looks out at the water and says that it's "the only different thing." For him, it means fish caught in the morning and served that night, a feat he couldn't hope to accomplish in Ontario. Emphasis on Canadian dishes suits his style. "We've picked up on traditional Canadian dishes and made them better." He'd already begun easing away from the heavy sauces of most continental fare.

Campbell seems content, though he thinks living next door to the restaurant is a bit close for comfort. But it means he can sometimes catch a few minutes with his two young daughters. His wife, Judy, accepts his working long days, weekends and holidays but "sometimes I wonder why I do what I do," he says. "I guess it's just in my blood."

Christmas Goose with Raisin Herb Stuffing and Spiced Apples

Clean the cavity of an 8-10 lb. goose. Fill the body and neck cavity loosely, with stuffing (see below), using metal skewers to secure the edges. Tie the legs together with string and prick the goose all over with a fork. Place goose in shallow roasting pan and roast (uncovered) at 325°F. for 30 minutes per pound. During the cooking period, drain off fat as it accumulates in the pan. When goose is done, remove from pan and let it rest for 15 minutes

in a warm place. This will make it easier to carve when it reaches the table.

Stuffing

1/3 cup butter
¾ cup finely chopped onions
3 cups chopped apples
½ cup seedless raisins
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. black pepper
pinch of cinnamon
½ tsp. sage
¼ tsp. thyme
¼ tsp. basil
5 cups stale breadcrumbs
3 tbsp. brown sugar

Melt butter in large sauté pan. Add onions, apples, raisins and cook for 5 minutes over moderate heat. Pour this mixture over breadcrumbs and brown sugar. Mix well.



Spiced Apples

2 cups white sugar
1½ cups cider vinegar
½ cup water
1 stick cinnamon
1 tsp. whole cloves
1 tsp. ground allspice
1 tsp. ground ginger
12 drops red food color
8 Gravenstein or McIntosh apples

Combine sugar, vinegar, water, spices and food color in a heavy-bottomed pot. Bring to boil over high heat. Boil for 5 minutes. Reduce heat to medium. Peel and core apples, divide each apple into 8 pieces. Poach pieces in syrup until they are transparent but still hold their shape. Arrange around goose platter.

Sauce for the Goose

Remove all but ¼ cup of drippings. Blend in ¼ cup of flour, stirring well with a wire whisk. To this mixture, add 1½ cups of apple juice and 3 tbsp. of port. Add salt and pepper to taste. Strain into a gravy boat.



Perfect Plum Pudding

½ cup grated, unpeeled apples
 ¼ lb. chopped beef suet
 ¼ cup chopped walnuts
 2 tbsp. diced candied orange peel
 2 tbsp. diced candied lemon peel
 2/3 cup diced candied citron peel
 1½ cups seedless raisins
 1 cup currants
 1 tbsp. cinnamon
 1½ tsp. ginger
 ¼ tsp. nutmeg
 ½ tsp. allspice
 ¼ tsp. salt
 1 cup sugar
 1/3 cup apricot jam
 2 cups fine dry breadcrumbs
 4 eggs
 2 tbsp. milk
 1/3 cup brandy
 1/3 cup white wine

In a large bowl, combine all but the last 4 ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Beat the eggs, then add them to the remaining ingredients. Add to the fruit mixture and mix thoroughly with your hands.

Oil and sugar a 1-quart mould. Fill 2/3 full, cover tightly and steam for 5½ hours. Serve with Dark Rum Sauce.

Dark Rum Sauce

½ cup sugar 2 tbsp. butter
 pinch of salt 1 tsp. dark rum
 1 tbsp. cornstarch
 1 cup apple juice
 pinch of nutmeg

Mix the sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add apple juice. Stirring constantly, cook over medium heat until thick and clear. Add butter, rum and nutmeg. Serve warm.



Fresh Baked Oysters on the Half Shell

16 fresh oysters
 1 medium onion,
 finely chopped
 1 cup dry white wine
 ¼ cup butter
 1 cup flour
 2 cups cooked spinach
 ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
 1 tbsp. butter
 ½ tsp. nutmeg
 pinch of salt, pepper
 paprika

Wash oysters well and shuck them. Place oysters and their juice in a small saucepan and poach in their own liquid. Sauté diced onion and 1 tbsp. butter.

Chop spinach and add to onions. Add salt, nutmeg and pepper. Remove from stove and fill oyster shell to half with spinach. Place an oyster on each half shell and cover with sauce (see below). Sprinkle with paprika, Parmesan cheese and place under broiler for a minute or two.

Sauce

Place remaining oyster juice and wine in saucepan and heat until liquid is reduced by half. Combine ¼ cup butter with flour and mix well. When the liquid is reduced add flour and butter mixture a little at a time, whisking in briskly. Let simmer for 10 minutes until sauce consistency is reached. ☑



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Crafts

Bessie Murray: An old dream becomes a new career

Her church vestments and hangings made her famous—again

Stretched on an embroidery frame, jammed unceremoniously between the foot of the bed and the wall, is the high-altar frontal for Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria, B.C. Seated before the frame in her Dartmouth, N.S., high-rise apartment, Bessie Murray embroiders gold star flowers on a green cloth. Twenty-five years ago she became

well known as designer of the Nova Scotia tartan, the first regional tartan outside of Scotland to be accepted and registered in Edinburgh. Now she's enjoying a second wave of recognition as one of Canada's foremost designers of ecclesiastical vestments and hangings.

Mrs. Hastings Wainwright, wife of the then pastor of St. James Church in

Herring Cove, N.S., remembers the day Murray's red altar frontal was first used: "There was a gasp throughout the congregation as they came in. Even the children loved it." It's a typical reaction to the work of this artist and designer who is also an author and poet.

Murray became fascinated by ecclesiastical design and embroidery as a student at the Lancaster College of Art in her native England. (She holds a certificate in embroidery from the London City and Guild, and an arts master's from the National Society of Arts of England.) At the college, students studied embroidery, leatherwork, ceramics and weaving as well as auditing classes on wood and alabaster carving and stained glass at the local trade school. The presence of a castle and cathedral in Lancaster spurred Murray's interest in religious crafts and gave her the opportunity to study craft development at first hand.

Then she married, immigrated to Canada and began raising a family of five. By the mid-Fifties, she'd designed the famous blue and gold provincial tartan and become president of Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd., a firm with 50 employees. The company closed in 1965, a time in Murray's life when most people at least consider slowing down. Instead she accepted a commission to design four sets of altar frontals, burses, veils, chasubles and stoles for the newly constructed Church of the Holy Spirit in Dartmouth.

It was an old dream and a new career. One of the weavers hired to turn her designs into yards of handwoven cloth was Evelyn Longard, a member of several international crafts associations,



At St. James Church, Herring Cove, N.S., a classic Murray hanging...

PHOTOS BY NICHOLS/INSIGHT



...with a vibrant 3-D effect

including the exclusive Washington-based Twenty Weavers. The two women had known each other for years but never worked together. It was the start of a casual business venture that's been going on ever since.

Murray and Longard credit their success to the individuality of each design and its rightness for the setting. They plan carefully, whether the order is for a single altar frontal or a massive wall covering featuring 50 yards of woven cloth and 45 square feet of solid embroidery. They interview clergy about their preferences and visit the church to take measurements and decide on the design style that will be most appropriate.

Murray decides on the blend, variety and color of fabrics. Longard translates her choices into a weaving pattern for her 12-harness loom. After she makes several samples, both women work the first yard of fabric together until they're satisfied with the effect. Now Longard is on her own, producing yard after yard of fabric at a top speed of 10 inches an hour. The pattern and texture are amazingly consistent throughout. Meanwhile, Murray researches her design. When the cloth is finished, she is ready to begin the embroidery.

Although many of her designs are simple, hangings for the altar of a cathedral must be bold and dramatic to be seen. It means dipping generously into her magpie hoard of buttons, beads, baubles, Indian mirrors, sequins and scraps of suede, satin, gilded kid and woven cloth.

Like all Murray-Longard creations, the frontal they're preparing for the B.C. cathedral has a vibrant, three-dimensional quality. The large central star cross is in three shades of gilded

kid, padded to make it stand out. A blue-green glass bauble glistens at its centre. Around the star cross the constellation of the Virgin flows in hundreds of tiny star flowers against a green background.

Murray won't say which creation is her favorite. Once finished, they are gone and her thoughts are on the next project. Her work is part of churches, small and large, all over Nova Scotia. Roman Catholic Archbishop James M. Hayes owns a red chasuble. Halifax's All Saints Cathedral has two complete sets of vestments including a purple one which has been shown in several national and international exhibits of religious

crafts. St. Andrew's United Church of Halifax has several pieces, including a scarlet and gold altar hanging, highlighting a fixed gold cross.

Now in her mid-60s, Murray doesn't think much about age. There aren't enough hours in the day for all she wants to do. She's co-author, with Mary Black, of a children's book, *You Can Weave*, and she's writing an illustrated book of poems based on excerpts from a 19th-century diary. At the wheel of her car, easing through traffic, she is still one with her creative flow. And as the traffic lights turn red, she reaches for the pencil and sketch pad in her glove compartment. — **Veronica Leonard**



The Longard-Murray team



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Heritage

How to tap your own roots

More and more Atlantic Canadians are rattling family skeletons. They love it

His mother died convinced she was pure Irish Catholic. Her son discovered the truth: Rev. Lloyd Robertson, principal of the Atlantic School of Theology, Halifax, says, "I'm about the only priest in the diocese who can prove he's a mongrel." And proof he has—seven manila envelopes and a thick binder filled with details of a hidden dissenter past and a forgotten stream of German, English and French relatives. His mother might have been shocked. Even Robertson who enjoyed the research says, "It's a humbling experience in many ways."

In Atlantic Canada, more people than ever are discovering the joy of skeleton rattling, or genealogy. Those who have say it's as mentally stimulating as detective work, as educational as any course in social history and, perhaps best of all, cheap fun.

The best sign of genealogy's surging popularity here is publication of the only two provincial guides on the subject: *Researching Your Ancestors in New Brunswick, Canada*, by Frederic-

ton's Robert Fellows, and *Genealogical Research in Nova Scotia* by Halifax's Terrence Punch. At provincial archives in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland, demand by amateur genealogists for assistance hits 80% of the total demand at the peak of the tourist season, sinking to 40% in mid-winter. And the numbers are rising steadily. The same is true for Prince Edward Island, where genealogical research centres in the Prince Edward Island Heritage Foundation in Charlottetown.

Fellows, the guide author and New Brunswick archivist, says he is so busy helping others trace their ancestries he hasn't had time to check on his own. If he isn't giving night courses on how to get started or helping family researchers who come to the archives, he's answering out-of-town mail. He says that in 1967, a dozen letters making genealogical inquiries would cross his desk in a month; now the figure is more like two dozen a day.

David Davis, archivist in St. John's,



Robertson: "Everybody has to be bigger than their family skeletons"

says genealogical interest is "growing enormously." He hopes to see a genealogical society established soon in Newfoundland and Labrador. Societies exist in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, while Nova Scotia's root trackers rally under a committee of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. The New Brunswick society is less than a year old and its vice-president, Jerry O'Brien of Fredericton, says, "With most new organizations you have to beg for membership, scratch for money...but that's not the case with us. We've had a hard time keeping up with it."

For the novice, it pays to know the membership. One Charlottetown woman who's been tracking down her relatives for 30 years says, "Genealogists are strange people. They do all sorts of strange things to help one another." Most society members and archivists are glad to pass on the tidbits of research they stumble upon to anyone who's interested. It's a smart move to let genealogical organizations or their members know of private research.

For those with a compelling urge to find out who their forbears were, the advice from genealogists is to get hold of a how-to-do-it book, start interviewing relatives on family history and then head for the archives—or, in Prince Edward Island, the Heritage Foundation. Fellows says the costs are minimal. "It's only your personal expenses." Public records are usually available at no charge unless you need photocopies, and you can often get out-of-province information for the price of postage.

Those who prefer not to do their own research should expect to pay more. Archives or genealogical societies can usually come up with names of people who'll track down ancestries for a fee. But most of the current genealogical buffs are do-it-yourselfers who find that when the bug bites it really hangs on.

Whatever the reasons for the increase in genealogical research—more spare time, fascination with the past, an identity search, a need to make connections in a world of alienation or a fad spurred on by Alex Haley's *Roots*—Robertson sees a moral in the quest. He says if genealogy does anything for the researcher at all, it breaks down his often "narrow and false" self image: "We think we're something we're not." His own surname would have remained Sands if his great-great-grandfather hadn't thought it prudent to become a Robertson after jumping a British Navy ship off Cape Breton. When he began his research, he says, "My mother was deathly scared I'd find family skeletons. My answer to that is, everybody has to be bigger than their skeletons."

—Betsy Chambers



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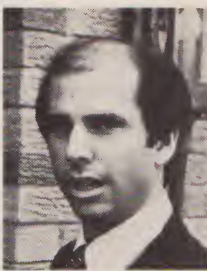
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Literature

Margaret Atwood: The eastern connection

N.S. helped shape her writing style. Some day she may come back for good

Margaret Atwood is supposed to be as prickly an interviewee as modern Canadian literature has produced, a dragon lady of an author who suffers fools badly when she tolerates them at all. She has a special reputation for unfeelingly chopping off the writing fingers of journalists whose questions stray too far from her work and into the byways of her private life.

I wanted to ask about her Nova Scotia relatives. As if that wasn't bad enough, our interview was scheduled for late in the afternoon of a day that had already been filled to overflowing with radio, television and newspaper interviews. Even worse, her Halifax stopover came at the end of two tedious, exhausting, boring months on the road, criss-crossing the country so that she could promote sales of her latest book, *Life Before Man* (McClelland & Stewart). By the time I learned that our interview was to take place while she autographed copies of her books so that a bookseller could peddle them after her public reading that night at Dalhousie University, I had given up all hope.

But the Margaret Atwood who greeted me wasn't the woman I'd been expecting. "I suppose you want to talk about genealogy," she suggested cheerily as she gestured for me to sit down and began autographing books all in one economical motion. She laughed. "Everyone in Nova Scotia wants to talk about genealogy." And then she was off and rambling through tales of the Bennets and the Barkhouses, the McGowans and the Moreaus; trotting out a grandmother's trunk full of Nova Scotia family history that goes back even beyond the birth of Halifax's first white child, Cornwallis Moreau, the son of a defrocked French monk, who happens to be one of Atwood's more eccentric forbears. Atwood herself might have been born

a Nova Scotian, she says, if a family vacation in the province 40 years ago hadn't ended a month too early.

Her father, Carl, was an Atwood from Clyde River on Nova Scotia's south shore and her mother, Margaret, a Webster from Harbourville near Berwick. They met at the old Normal College in Truro. "The first time my father saw my mother, she was sliding down the bannister there," Atwood explained. "As soon as he saw her, he thought, 'Now this is the woman for me.'" But Nova Scotia in the Depression was not the place for an entomologist and the Atwoods headed west in search of work.

Atwood, the second of their three children, was born in Ottawa in 1939. She spent her early childhood between winter apartments in Ottawa and Sault Ste. Marie (they finally settled on Toronto when she was six) and summer cabins in Quebec's northern bush where her father conducted insect experiments. The only constant of those years was the family's annual trek to Nova



Atwood: "My...irony and understatement are Nova Scotian"

Scotia to visit grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins; and she still carries vivid memories of family lobster boils at Harbourville and south shore nights that slipped away while Uncle Elmer plucked the banjo and father Carl played the fiddle.

Peggy, as she was known in the family, was a precocious kid who entered high school at 12, university at 17, and, somewhere in between, decided that she was going to be a writer. She sent some of her first poems to her aunt, Halifax writer Joyce Barkhouse (*George Dawson: The Little Giant*), and to her uncle, C.L. Bennet, then head of Dalhousie University's English department. "The poems were just awful, of course," Atwood remembered later, "but they told me they thought the poems were very promising. At the time, I needed that kind of support. My parents were scientists and they thought of writing as a financially unsafe way to spend your life." (Next fall, James Lorimer will publish *Anna's Pet*, a children's book written by Joyce Barkhouse and her niece, Margaret Atwood.)

But Atwood's Nova Scotia connections go far deeper than family encouragement at the right moment. Though none of her novels are set in Nova Scotia (she lives on an Ontario farm) she says her writing style and attitudes are a product of that provincial heritage. "I think some of my qualities and personal eccentricities, my sense of irony and understatement, are Nova Scotian. In the Valley, people will tell you jokes with a perfectly straight face and, if you don't get the joke, they just keep going." She laughed. "When I was doing a reading tour in 1974, I was at the university in Wolfville and I suddenly realized that nobody was laughing at my accent. Of course, the whole front row was filled with my relatives." On this trip east, Atwood brought along her three-year-old daughter, Jess, and Jess's father, novelist Graeme Gibson. They timed the trip for a Friday so that they could spend Saturday afternoon with the 34 relatives and friends from all over the province who dropped in at Joyce Barkhouse's place in Halifax.

"If Quebec was to separate," Atwood suggests, "I think we'd move to Nova Scotia. The farther west you go, the more you get the feeling that people would immediately join the United States. People here remember that the U.S. was what many of their ancestors were leaving in the first place. Besides, I really like the sea." What if Quebec didn't separate? Would she still consider a Nova Scotian home? "Oh, if someone was to call me and tell me they'd found this fabulous place in the country, I think we might buy it." —Stephen Kimber

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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Year of the Child fades. What did it all prove?

Children of Our Time is a 144-page report produced by an agency called the International Movement A.T.D. Fourth World. They're based in Pierrelaye, France, although their book lists official addresses in London and New York too. I think the book may be the last document relating to the International Year of the Child to cross my desk this year. I hope so. It is a depressing read.

I'm not sure I know what the Fourth World is, having only become conscious that a first and second world existed when stories about a third started getting around in the media. Joseph Wresinski, secretary general of the group, defines it this way in his introduction:

"Within our industrialized societies, these children and their families have been compelled to form a world apart, a

Fourth World whose origins can be traced back to the very beginnings of industrialization during the last century. Their ancestors were unable to prepare the way to a better future for them, deprived as they were of the means to participate in the productive process and the evolution of the new urban and rural working classes....But only the most deprived among them join the ranks of that North American Fourth World of total exclusion some have termed the underclass."

That's on page 11. You don't have to get far into the book to appreciate the seriousness of its tone and intent. Joseph Wresinski, by the way, according to International Movement President Alwine de Vos van Steenwijk in *her* introduction, is "the man who raised his voice in a far-off shanty town" in 1957. He was "born in poverty himself,



manual worker, priest and founder of the first Movement of solidarity amongst his own milieu." She says the writing of *Children of Our Time*, which the Movement calls a white paper, began in 1957, although I don't think she really means it.

It's a horribly written document which loses even more in the translation into English. It is also desperately sincere. Grouped under a dozen headings —each one a principle of the 1959 inter-

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national Declaration of the Rights of the Child—are comments from children the members of the Movement appear to have interviewed all over the world.

"At first everybody talked to me in school," says a 12-year-old called Patricia, "but when they found out what it was like in our neighborhood, they didn't bother with me any more." An unidentified child reports, "One day a friend said to me: 'I don't want you to sleep at my house because you live in that shanty place.' After that I asked her to come over for my birthday. She said no 'because of where you live.' Now that the old shanties have been pulled down and there are new houses, my friend still doesn't come, but now it's because they're houses for problem families."

It goes on. Gypsy children in Calabria describe their shame at living next to a slaughterhouse and garbage dump. Youngsters talk of being forced to eat apart at a school canteen in Venice. Little kids tell what it's like to be forced out of their own homes, into foster care.

After 100-odd pages of this you come to some statistical tables. The report has already apologized for their being inadequate and incomplete. They're almost unreadable, anyway. Then, the solution: A 20-year policy for children suggesting an ideal world in which everything is guaranteed; adequate environment and housing, family income, health care. Everything. There will also be human rights centres in every city and town in the world, "meeting places for all citizens, but where priority is given to the expression of those whose rights have been the most and longest ignored."

Then, in an epilogue called "A future that depends on us all," *Children of Our Time* tells us how it will all be brought about, not by governments alone, but by us, working collectively to be more considerate, more thoughtful and respectful of others, bringing about what the book calls "our seemingly incredible Utopia."

I don't know why this painful, dreadfully earnest little volume makes me more glad than anything else that it's all over, the International Year of the Child, and makes me hope it'll be a while before we have to live through another International Year of the Anything. But I think it has something to do with my uneasiness about raised expectations.

People who support things like International Years tell you they help focus attention on problems and promote public discussion of issues. The media play along—and I write as a participating player. This is the third time this magazine has used the Year of the

Child as editorial fodder and we've only been publishing since April. That doesn't bother me much, even when I see the International Year of the Child jostle International Salad Month or National Frisbee Day for air time or column inches. What does bother me is Greetje, 7, who, according to *Children of Our Time*, lives in a poor area of Rotterdam without air or light and asks, "Tell me, why isn't the sun for everyone?"

I don't know what to tell her. I don't really think the International Movement A.T.D. Fourth World does either. In fact, I don't believe in incredible Utopias.

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Residents of Souris, P.E.I., are flag-wavers and proud of it. But their banners kept disappearing from the town's flag poles. So Souris maintenance man Edward McGaugh greased the flag poles. So far it seems to be working—with help from the RCMP who kept one pole climber from slipping through their fingers. Meanwhile a local judge had another idea: \$30 in restitution and a day's community service for one no-longer-slippery customer.

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Movies

Luna fails but fascinates. Incest rears its ugly head

By Martin Knelman

Are male movie directors more obsessed with Oedipal hangups than other men? You could almost program a film festival series out of major movies made in the 1970s on the subject of mother love. In Louis Malle's boisterous comedy *Murmur of the Heart*, Lea Massari created such a wildly attractive, gypsy character that it was no wonder her son adored her. Malle's film showed the boy's progression from sickly adolescent to proficient rake, and after a little incestuous episode the movie ended on a blithe note, with everyone in the family laughing hysterically. In *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, Martin Scorsese's lively comedy about an angry woman on the road with her 12-year-old son, none of the potential romantic partners had the chemical

magic with Ellen Burstyn that she had with Alfred Lutter as her mouthy kid. He did for her what Cary Grant did for Roz Russell in *His Girl Friday*, what Tracy always did for Hepburn; he was the ideal sparring partner. And in Paul Mazursky's *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, a Mazursky-like character named Larry Lapinsky had to break away from his suffocating Jewish mother (Shelley Winters) before he could come to terms with his ambivalent feelings about her. But there was a spirit of forgiveness toward this comic monster, most memorably expressed in the hero's line, "I'm not angry...I'm crazy, but I'm not angry."

The mother (Jill Clayburgh) in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Luna* and the son (Matthew Barry) are both clearly angry, and God knows they're peculiar, but they don't seem crazy—or at least not

crazy enough. The opening sequence gives us a classic Freudian setup. The mother is dancing voluptuously in an idyllic outdoor scene, watched over by a moon while sending out definite sexual signals to her adult male partner. The bambino with eyes popping observes from the shadows, separated from the object of his adoration. The next thing we know at least a dozen years have flown past and we're in a claustrophobic New York apartment where this woman is speaking with a ghostly thin man (her husband) and is watched by an up-tight teen-age boy (her son, the former bambino). She is an opera singer, about to take off for Italy, and she means to leave the boy behind. Then the older man has a heart attack while driving his car around the block, and his death changes everything. Was this mother neglecting her son for the sake of a concert career, the way Ingrid Bergman was supposed to have neglected Liv Ullman in *Autumn Sonata*? Now they will be thrown together. Gawkers at the funeral give them both an urgent wish to flee. Together they take off for Rome. So far, the storyline shapes up as *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* with European locations.



Director Bertolucci (centre) with Matthew Barry, Jill Clayburgh: His failures are more interesting than others' hits

But Bernardo Bertolucci doesn't remake other people's movies. As soon as the characters set foot on Italian ground, *Luna* begins to bubble over with the cinematic virtuosity that we have come to expect at other Bertolucci films—*The Conformist*, *Last Tango in Paris* and even that grandiose folly, *1900*. With Bertolucci, even at his worst there is always the thrill of flying with an artist who seems dangerously talented—a prodigy who combines a deep awareness of the sensual aspects of life along with a gift for expressing that awareness in uniquely filmic ways. *Luna* percolates with the stimulus of Rome as a city and the emotionalism of the great Italian operas we wander in and out of; the surroundings release feelings in the mother and son that have previously been kept under control. That, at any rate, is clearly the intent of *Luna*. The film goes wrong, but it casts a kind of spell. Bertolucci does not fail boringly. *Luna* is an atrocious movie, but it takes hold of your mind in a way that even many good movies would never dare to.

It goes wrong most spectacularly in the casting and the acting. The film was conceived for Liv Ullman (who wouldn't necessarily have been right for it either) but Ullman backed out, and Bertolucci used Clayburgh because he needed a bankable international actress, and she was willing to take a chance on



Clayburgh: Bankable, but miscast

it. This is far from a safe role, and Clayburgh doesn't lack guts. With that boney, long-limbed body and a well-lined face that seems to light up with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety, she is almost a cartoon of the modern urban heroine—more stylish than she perhaps means to be, a little too bright and self-aware for her own good, but so absurdly high-strung that she can't find any comfort in her own endowments.

As shrieking Carole Lombard in *Gable and Lombard*, she gave an engaging performance in an otherwise repulsive film, and bouncing back and forth between Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson in the raunchy football comedy *Semi-Tough*, she showed she could banter with the boys. In her great commercial breakthrough, the title role in *An Unmarried Woman*, she stopped short of giving a brilliant star performance, maybe because the movie treated her character too solemnly and deferentially and perhaps inhibited her from letting go. In another current movie, the entertaining comedy *Starting Over*, Clayburgh gets to use her nervous tension as comedy, and she's very funny as an aging single, so up-tight that she mistakes a fellow guest, on the way to a dinner party, for a demented rapist.

But in *Luna* there is no comic release for Clayburgh's tension. And we can't believe in her as an opera star. You can see her putting everything she's got into the role of Caterina but physically and temperamentally, she is all wrong for it—and the big dubbed singing voice that is supposed to be coming out of her throat is a ridiculous mismatch for the squeaky Clayburgh speaking voice we've grown fond of.

Matthew Barry as the boy has a fresh, blankly anxious quality that makes you understand why Bertolucci was drawn to him, but he doesn't match up with Clayburgh; you just don't believe in them for a moment as members of the same family, let alone an incestuous mother-and-son act. Maybe if they were funny together the film could take off, as it almost does in their best sequence: He zooms away in their car, leaving her stranded on a country road near the home of Verdi; she takes her revenge by taunting him at a roadside diner where she turns up in the company of a man whom she uses to provoke the boy's jealousy.

But most of the time their story is treated as a heavy social problem—as grand opera rather than comic opera. The boy gets hooked on heroin because as he puts it, "I just don't give a shit about anything." Caterina, beside herself with guilt and worry, works through a series of bizarre roles with him. She tries to punish him and control him, keeping him cooped up in their suf-

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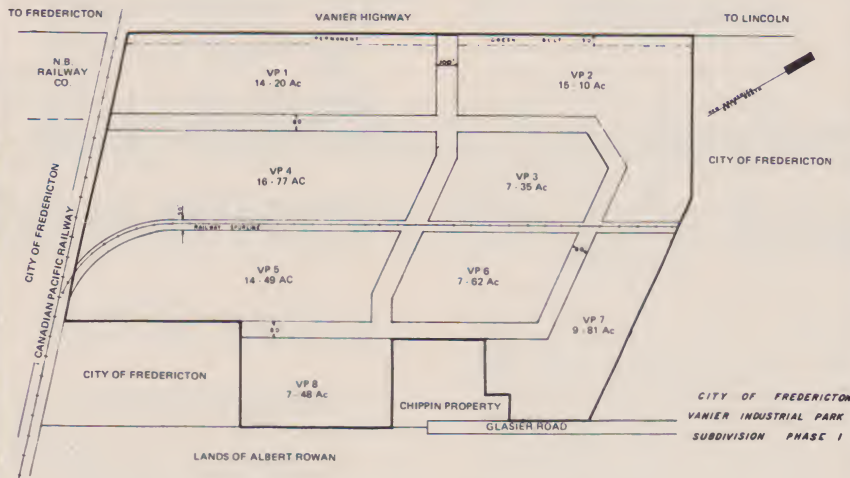
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Movies

focatingly over-decorated Roman villa; then she winds up supplying him with drugs, and watching him stick needles into his flesh. When he disintegrates, she comforts him, and mothers him even to the point of helping him urinate. The famous masturbation scene, which held up the film's release in Ontario, turns out to be peculiarly un-erotic. She strokes him to calm him down, the way you might pat a disturbed person on the head. (Aren't politicians wonderful? Frank Drea, the Ontario cabinet minister responsible for censorship, issued a statement announcing that "incest is not acceptable in this province," as if Bertolucci were selling it, and as if the release of *Luna* were likely to inspire thousands of good clean Ontario boys to start fornicating with their mothers.)

You can see that Bertolucci meant *Luna* to have the melodramatic feeling of grand opera plus the redemptive power of a dream—maybe even a wet dream. The strains of Freud and Verdi come together as the film turns into the story of a boy's search for the secret "real" father he has been missing all along. Bertolucci loves opera and keeps working in tributes to Verdi in his movies, and he has the nerve to hang *Luna* on the sort of preposterous emotional peaks which by convention we accept on an opera stage. But movies have conditioned us to other conventions, and people baffled by the ludicrous elements in *Luna* may mistake Bertolucci for some incompetent fool who didn't know what he was doing.

In the final scene, the characters float into an outdoor opera rehearsal, and Bertolucci's story sweeps to a resolution, blending in to the opera. I think Bertolucci hits ludicrous notes intentionally, meaning to show us that preposterous emotions aren't limited to the artificial world of 19th-century staginess but belong to our own contemporary experience too. Verdi is so alive for him that Bertolucci sees the everyday life around him as an on-going *Masked Ball*. *Luna* fails to make this idea work, so it is easy to make it sound like a foolish misadventure. But what an audacious attempt! Bertolucci's dazzling film sense bursts through in sequence after sequence. Is there anyone else alive who can orchestrate images and sounds so gloriously, and give them emotional resonance as well? You get a rush just seeing how this man makes a scene flow. *Luna* is a special kind of failure. Bertolucci keeps striking thunderingly bad wrong notes, yet you come away from *Luna* dizzy with imagining what his next success will be like. ☒



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Art

Art comes of age on the Island

Charlottetown's Great George Street Gallery breaks with tradition, ready or not

A decade ago, the notion would have been unthinkable. An "artistic community" on Prince Edward Island? Yuk, yuk. For generations, anyone whose talent and aspirations extended beyond derivative poetry or postcard copies in watercolors left for more cosmopolitan centres.

But in the late Sixties and early Seventies things changed. Confederation Centre, with its theatre and art gallery, opened in Charlottetown. The University of Prince Edward Island began attracting a faculty accustomed to art as a part of everyday life. Canada's Centennial in 1967, and P.E.I.'s own 100th anniversary in 1973 stimulated new interest and pride in local culture, and the back-to-the-land movement brought to the Island dozens of weavers, potters, wood carvers, writers, photographers and painters, a few of them with genuine talent.

By the mid-Seventies there was lots

of activity, but little local outlet. Those working in the graphic and plastic arts were particularly frustrated. The Confederation Centre Gallery reserved its space for travelling shows organized in Ottawa, and a permanent collection of artists safely dead or with established reputations. For those just beginning the struggle, there was nothing.

The vacuum was abhorrent to Reshard Gool, author, publisher, professor of political science and, with his artist wife Hilda Woolnough, a tireless promoter of local cultural endeavors. In the basement of their rambling home on University Avenue, they established the Phoenix Gallery and put it at the disposal of Island artists. Two years later, the Phoenix became "Gallery On Demand" (GOD to its friends and supporters) and, after a year of operation, it was eligible for that coveted certificate of cultural legitimacy, a Canada Council grant.



Craig: Artistic community is split, isolated. He wants to change that

The Council funds came from a program for the establishment of "parallel galleries," intended to fill a gap between the institutional galleries like Confederation Centre and the commercial galleries. The parallel galleries operate on a non-profit basis and provide a showcase for young artists experimenting with new styles and techniques. With its Council money, GOD—by now complete with a board of directors composed of artists and art-lovers—changed quarters to a mellow brick building in central Charlottetown and became the Great George Street Gallery.

Judged by attendance at its shows, the new Gallery was a success, but as its existence became less precarious, directors began to feel it was time to impose new standards in selecting works. They were spurred on by the Canada Council which demanded both higher standards and more exchanges with the two other parallel galleries in the Atlantic region: The Eye-Level Gallery in Halifax, and the *Galerie Sans Nom* in Moncton.

This fall, they hired a new coordinator to implement the policy. David Craig, a 26-year-old Fredericton native who formerly taught photography at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, feels the Great George Street Gallery must be a display centre for art, but also a "focus of artistic activity" and a "forum for ideas."

Craig sees the Island's artistic community as still fragmented and suffering from intellectual isolation. Young artists, he says, need "emotional reassurance" and a place to exchange and test ideas with their peers. He wants to expand the Gallery's influence on the community with lectures, discussions and videotape shows, and hopes to create a program which will send artists out to Island schools.

But it's the plan to raise the Gallery's standards which is likely to create friction and resentment among some of the province's artists and crafts people, particularly the latter. There may also be some flutters among painters who are part of the flourishing school of rural realism.

Craig says the new policy at the Gallery will mean more emphasis on esthetics, and less on "pretty craft shows" of pottery and woven wall-hangings. Board member Hilda Woolnough sees that change as a necessary step in the education of both Island artists and the Island public: "Artists have to be taught that you can't make a show out of six drawings done the night before, and the public has to learn that there's more to art than cows' arses."

—Kennedy Wells



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Books

Salmon, sunflakes and surprises

A roundup of the best Canadian books and magazines for kids

By Sheila Simpson

The letters pour in to publishers. Most of them are painstakingly printed on wide-ruled paper. Some of them are signed, mysteriously, "Your fiend." It's fan mail, bags of it, for Canadian children's writers and illustrators—just one sign of what publisher James Lorimer calls "the new boom in children's publishing in Canada."

To Kevin Major: "I thought the characters were very real and I've seen people who are like them. Also the language was perfect. It's just the way so many of my friends talk."

To Patti Stren: "I hope you write more books. I will always read them. And you look very pretty. I like your hair due. I wish you will send me a book that you made if it is possible. But I think you will write back and tell me why if you won't send me one. Always, Cindy."

To Ann Blades: "I think this book is the greatest in the whole wide world. Amalia, Grade 3."

British Columbia illustrator Ann Blades works at an old oak table in her White Rock house overlooking the ocean. Her first book, *Mary of Mile 18*, brought her international acclaim in 1972. Since then she's taken home half a dozen major awards, and published stories in the United States, England, Australia, and Norway. Her latest book is *A Salmon for Simon* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$6.95): A young west coast boy longs with all his heart to catch a salmon (or *sukai*, the old Indian name

meaning "king of fishes"). All summer he has fished. No luck. He's going to give up fishing, maybe forever. But when an eagle drops a salmon into a clam hole far from the water's edge, Simon cannot let it die. Hour after hour he digs, carving out a channel to help *sukai* return to the sea. The spare text by Betty Waterton complements Blades' richly toned water-color illustrations.

Fran Newman and Claudette Boulanger live with their families on small farms near Brighton, Ont. Out of



Simon saves a salmon

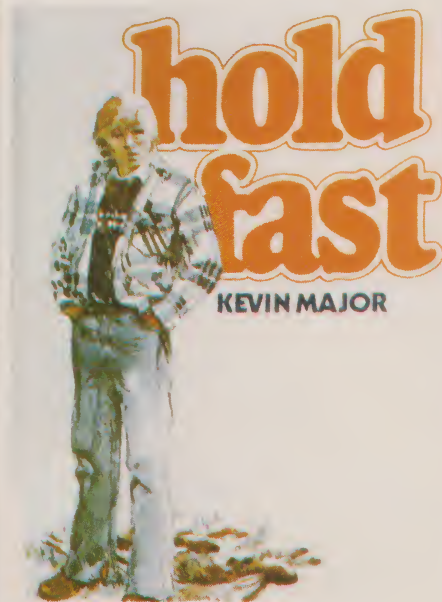
their friendship has come *Sunflakes and Snowshine* (North Winds Press, \$7.95), a colorful celebration of Canada's changing seasons. Newman's 24 poems—two for each month—are not the work of a master poet, though the best ones are pleasant enough:

*Old Man Winter
Is icing up my toes,
Shivering my shoulders,
Reddening my nose.*

The real charm of the book—and its allure for adults—comes from Boulanger's gently humorous crayon drawings. You can feel the temperature rise and fall as you move through the seasons: Cheerful, stocky little bodies wait shivering for the school bus on a frosty Prairie morning; they fumble with the lobster traps in the chill of an east coast spring; putter in the garden in May; lie sleepless in a tent in the dark of a sultry



Celebrating the changing seasons



Strong stuff—and award-winning

August night; and stretch out tongues to taste the first flakes of snow.

A more sophisticated humor comes from 30-year-old Patti Stren of Toronto and New York City. In her newest book, *Sloan and Philamina, or How to Make Friends with Your Lunch* (Clarke Irwin, \$8.95), motorcycle ants varoom across the endpapers. Sloan is a ravenous anteater. Until now, he's never heard an ant say anything but "Mercy!" But "one particular Tuesday" the blue-sneakered Sloan creeps up behind the anthill of Philamina. She's in no mood to be eaten, so she tickles Sloan's funny-bone with the world's worst elephant jokes. Sloan soon discovers he's hungrier for love than for lunch. This unnatural liaison scandalizes the other anteaters, and tension mounts at the birthday party as Sloan's relatives threaten to eat Philamina's.

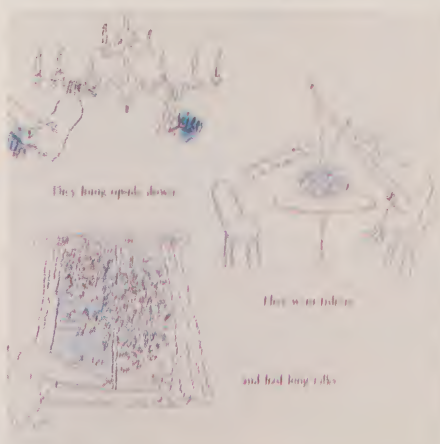
Unfortunately, Stren tends to describe the bend of every elbow, and her loose pen drawings are so tremulous it's often hard to "read" the pictures—to tell where an anteater ends and an ant begins. But *Sloan* is witty and warm-hearted comedy. And there's a happy ending.

For older readers, a new talent is 30-year-old Kevin Major of Sandy Cove, Nfld. His first novel, *Hold Fast* (Clarke Irwin, \$7.95), nabbed three top awards, including the 1979 Canadian Booksellers prize, chosen this year by children. *Hold Fast* is strong stuff. The story told by 14-year-old Michael opens at the funeral of both his parents—killed in an accident with a drunken driver: "A gull flew over the salt water in front of me screeching his bloody lungs out....If I'd had my .22 I'd flattened him on right there."

Michael is forced to live with relatives who loathe him, hundreds of miles away from the outpost home he

loves. It's a powerful story, deeply felt. Some adults are in a lather about the cursing. But a teen-age reader of *Hold Fast* puts the language controversy into perspective: "People complained about the words in the book but it's only words you hear every day. I thought without the words there would be hardly any sense in it."

Kevin Major isn't the only one exploring down-east themes. In 1975, with \$15,000 and a volunteer staff, the Junior League of Halifax launched *Ahoy: An Atlantic Magazine for Children* (\$1.25, \$4/4 issues). It was one of the first English Canadian children's periodicals since *Wee Willie Winkie* in the late nineteenth century. Necia Amys, former editor-in-chief of *Ahoy*, recalls: "We took our first issue into the schools, and the response was fantastic. We knew we just had to continue." *Ahoy* aims to provide the thrill of publication for some of its 6,000 readers by printing their own stories, drawings, and poems. And the highlight of each



Making friends with your lunch

Ahoy is the exuberant cover art—always created by children.

The most inventive idea in children's publishing today is the new *Magook* (Magook Publishers Ltd., \$1.95, \$8/10 issues)—half magazine, half book. *Magook* is the foster child of publisher Jack McClelland, head of McClelland & Stewart Ltd. In 10 fat issues a year, it brings young readers a 32-page full-color story ("the book in *Magook*," also published by M&S in hardcover), plus a 32-page magazine packed with related games, poems, contests, crafts and features on kids from coast to coast.

A theme meanders through the mag (music, the Prairies, sports, Nova Scotia); there are interviews (junior reporters talk with hockey star Pat Boutette and ballerina Karen Kain) and a rambling French-English cartoon series ("Dogg Dogg Smith"). Circulation is pushing 40,000 and *Magook* has marched its battle for readers into the convenience stores and supermarkets. Associate

Editor Madeline Kronby laments the lack of publicity for children's books and "their brave publishers. I've told Dennis Lee [author of *Alligator Pie* and other books]: 'The only way we're going to drum up any excitement is for you to have a love affair with Minnie Mouse!'"

For middle-age kids—eight to 12—there's *OWL* (Young Naturalist Foundation, 95 cents, \$7/10 issues), short for Outdoor and Wild Life. *OWL* has glossy pages and superb full-color photo essays on everything from walrus to frisbees. The pizzazz is appealing and it's made *OWL* a publishing success story. In just over three and a half years, circulation has zoomed to an astonishing 100,000. The directors of the Young Naturalist Foundation are the brains behind *OWL*. Features range from Dr. Zed's loony science experiments to the back page newspaper, "Hoot." Centrefold pinups star the octopus, red-tailed hawk, and a young striped skunk. The science information is often memorably graphic: "The beautiful monarch butterfly tastes so bad that a bird can't help throwing up after eating one."

Heartened by *OWL*'s success, the publishers this January introduced *Chickadee* (95 cents, \$7/10 issues), an *OWL*-ish new magazine for the four-to-eight crowd. *Chickadee*'s circulation has already topped 35,000. Again, the natural world is the focus, with photo features like "A Butterfly Is Born," and emphasis on skill-teaching games and puzzles. Each month brings a "surprise"; in the first issue it was a larger-than-life cloth chickadee, ready for stuffing.

These magazines are not perfect. Some of the illustrations are hopelessly amateurish; some of the pages are cluttered and poorly designed. (*Ahoy*, in particular, has been criticized for the "shopper's catalogue blandness" of its pages.) Cartoon characters are often unmotivated and unfunny. Some of the stories scream for a hard-hearted editor with a sharp blue pencil. But five years ago, there just weren't any Canadian children's magazines around to be criticized. *Ahoy*, *Magook*, *OWL* and *Chickadee* offer a rich variety of homegrown entertainment.



At last, Canadian kids' magazines

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Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Dec. — N.B. Hawks play: Dec. 4, 16, Nova Scotia; Dec. 8, 27, Adirondack; Dec. 11, New Haven; Dec. 30, Springfield, The Coliseum, Moncton

Dec. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Hansel and Gretel," Dec. 1-8, Fredericton; Dec. 10, St. Stephen; Dec. 11, Edmundston; Dec. 12, Campbellton; Dec. 13, Dalhousie; Dec. 15, Chatham; Dec. 17, 18, Dieppe; Dec. 20-22, Saint John

Dec. 1 - 3 — Warmed by Wood: An Exhibit, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Dec. 1 - 15 — Gordon Royner: Retrospective, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Dec. 1 - 16 — Roger Savage: A Survey, L'Université de Moncton

Dec. 1 - 24 — Seals and Sealing, Moncton Museum

Dec. 1 - 31 — New Brunswick Sculptors, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 1 - Jan. 18 — Ellie Fidler: Tapestries, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Dec. 2 - 13 — Christmas Choice by Fredericton artists, UNB Art Centre, Fredericton

Dec. 3 - 22 — Crafts for Christmas, Campbellton

Dec. 4 - 20 — Felicity Redgrave: Exhibit, St. Andrews

Dec. 13 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, Mount Allison University, Sackville

NEWFOUNDLAND

Dec. 1 — Christmas Craft Fair, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Dec. 1 — Canadian Opera Company presents "The Marriage of Figaro," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 1, 2 — Intercollegiate Women's Basketball, MUN vs. UPEI, St. John's

Dec. 3 - 30 — Art Association of Nfld. and Labrador, Annual Exhibition, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 4, 5 — Bay Theatre, Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

Dec. 8, 9 — Skiing for the Disabled Clinic, Nfld. and Lab. Cross-Country Skiing Ass'n, Corner Brook

Dec. 13 - 17 — The Corner Brook Playmakers Co. presents "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Dec. 14, 15 — Newfoundland Symphony presents "Alice in Wonderland,"

Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 15, 16 — Last Chance Craft Fair, LSPU Hall, St. John's

Dec. 15 - 30 — Don Beaubier and Chander Chopra: Mixed-Media Customs, Memorial University Art Gallery

Dec. 15, 16 — The Newfoundland Symphony presents "The Messiah," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 15 - Jan. 15 — Bill Cusher: Flies, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Dec. 15 - Jan. 15 — Romanian Painters: International Program, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

Dec. 15 - Jan. 15 — William Kurelek: Prairie Boy's Summer, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Dec. 29 — Children's Film Club, Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Dec. 1 - 15 — Photographs of Marguerite Bell: Rural New Brunswick in the '40s and '50s, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 1 - 16 — Canadian Landscape Painting in the Permanent Collection: Historical works, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 2 — Free Gallery Concert with classical guitarist Paul Bernard, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 7 — Old-Fashioned Christmas: An Evening of Entertainment, Confederation Centre

Dec. 12 - 31 — Special Christmas Exhibit of Children's Toys, Eptek Centre, Summerside

Dec. 19 - Jan. 13 — Tony Urquhart, Twenty-five Years: Retrospective, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

Dec. — Japanese Kites, Hector Centre, Pictou

Dec. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Dec. 2, 12, New Haven; Dec. 7, 9, 28, Adirondack; Dec. 26, New Brunswick; Metro Centre, Halifax

Dec. 1 — N.S. Small College Conference Championships, Men's Varsity Volleyball, College of C.B. vs N.S. Teacher's College, Truro

Dec. 1 — Theodore Bikel: Folk-singer, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 1, 2 — College of Cape Breton, Men and Women's Basketball teams play: Dec. 1, N.S. Teacher's College, Dec. 2, N.S. Agricultural College, Truro

Dec. 1, 2 — Craftsman's Christmas Market, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 1, 9 — Under Glass: Photography by Dave Mackenzie, Art Gallery, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Dec. 1 - Jan. 6 — Ellen Gould Sullivan: Hooked Mats of the Natural World, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Dec. 3 - 8 — College of Cape Breton Dramagroup presents Lunch-time Theatre, Sydney

Dec. 4 — Narcisco Yepes: Guitarist, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 8 — The Wonderful World of Sarah Binks, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 10 — Human Rights Day: Films, Speakers, Workshops, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

Dec. 13 - 16 — Puppet Presentation of the Christmas Opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," Th' YARC, Yarmouth

Dec. 13 - Jan. 27 — Fibre, Metal, Clay: Work of the Faculty, N.S. College of Art and Design, Mount St. Vincent University, Halifax

Dec. 14 - Jan. 6 — Neptune Theatre presents "The Taming of the Shrew," Halifax

Dec. 15 - Feb. 12 — French Folk Art, Art Gallery of N.S.

Dec. 16 — Mermaid Theatre presents "The Trickster," a benefit performance to aid the boat people, Acadia University, Wolfville

Dec. 16 — Christmas in Song: Music and Carols featuring the Dalhousie Chorale, Dalhousie Arts Centre

Dec. 19 - 30 — Bit Players presents "Alice in Wonderland," Theatre 1707, Halifax





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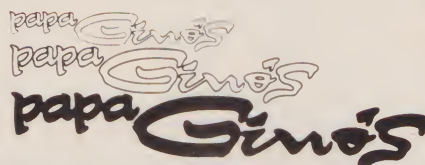
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Profile

Rita MacNeil: A Cape Breton feminist comes home

Once she sang of the women's movement. Now the movement and the songs have changed

The year is 1971. The place, Toronto. Fifty feminists have just returned from a pro-abortion demonstration in Ottawa, and the room where they're meeting is bustling with excitement. Rita MacNeil, a shy, quiet Cape Bretoner, is attending her first women's liberation meeting and the emotion and stupendous *power* of these women overwhelms her. She goes home and, charged with emotion herself, writes a song:

*So I found me a man in the good
old tradition,
Being conditioned as I was,
But when it came down to making
big decisions
I found he overlooked my mind.
And there was unrest and a need
for restoration
To fill the needs in me.*

It's 1979, and we're sitting at the tiny kitchen table in a small bungalow in Big Pond, Cape Breton. Rita is reminiscing about that night, about how it changed her life. She went back to a second meeting and, despite her shyness, asked if she could sing her song. "I just wanted so badly for them to hear this," she recalls, because it was a song that captured all those fuzzy, uneasy feelings that she'd had for so long and didn't know what to do about.

She found that she wasn't unique. The song that she'd thought was about herself was also about other women. It expressed lyrically what those demonstrations were all about and it made Rita the unofficial troubadour of the Canadian women's movement.

Rita was 17 when she left Big Pond, confused and uncertain about what to do with her life. Now, at 35, she's back. Circumstances brought her here: A communal house in Ottawa that split up, a divorce that requires her to stay in the province. But she's comfort-

able with the prospect of living here again. She's still shy, but underneath there's a sureness that says, "This is who I am. I know what I'm doing with my life."

We're sitting at the table and Rita is talking about her life today. Her former husband, David, has the children—Wade is nine, Laura 13—with him in Sydney for the weekend. "It's frightening raising children alone," Rita says, but still, she's certain she won't marry again. She's happy being on her own, and she has friends around, although the tremendous support group that was the women's movement of the early Seventies is gone.

Rita had never planned to be a songwriter. She'd never written a word before that night in 1971, though her love of music goes back a long way. (She still doesn't write music. She knows nothing about scales, notes or keys. Songs just "come together" in her head.) It was women's response that inspired her to continue producing song after song, about her mother, about the loss of girlhood dreams, the trap of

marriage, the frustration of struggling for liberation.

"The changes we were all going through at the time were tremendous," she reflects. "It was very frightening for me. I'd think, oh God, here I am in this picket line, and I'd hold the picket in front of my face." Though it was frightening, it was also her salvation. "If it wasn't for women's liberation," she says, "I'd be in suburbia today, still struggling with problems in my head."

Things have slowed down. "God, it's so quiet out there," Rita says, glancing out the window in a gesture that only half refers to the stillness of a rainy Saturday afternoon. She doesn't feel part of a "movement" anymore. She still has a large, almost underground following of women's groups that want to hear her sing and will fly her almost anywhere in Canada. In September, she sang at a women's weekend in Edmonton; in October, at the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women conference in Halifax. But it's only at times like those that the old feeling and excitement of sisterhood comes back.

Rita's music has always been intensely personal. When she wrote *Born a Woman*, the theme song of her 1975 album, it represented her own struggle:

*To be born a woman you quickly learn
Your body will be their first concern.*

Now she's older, more self-assured, more accepting of a body that will never fit the female stereotype. She probably wouldn't write a song like that today. But she still sings it because, for all the changes she's seen, things for women really aren't that much different. "I look back five years," she says, "and I can't see a helluva lot that's changed for women. These songs are still very *now* as far as I can see."

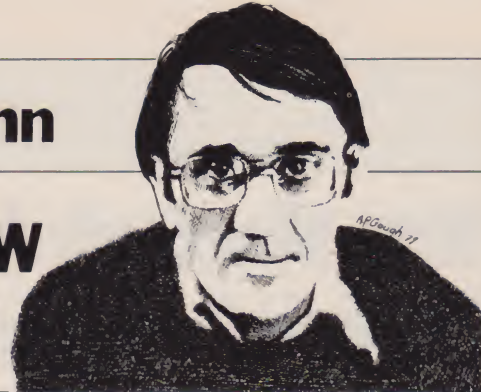
But the women's movement has changed, become more diversified, more entrenched though less visible. And Rita's music is changing too. She'll write about Big Pond, about Cape Breton politics, about being a Nova Scotian again. One of her earlier songs about her home town said it best: She'll "take the best of memories and leave the rest behind."

— Sue Calhoun



MacNeil's music has always been intensely personal

Ray Guy's column



What Russians don't know about the U.S. and U.K.

Any Newfoundland magazine freak could tell them

When I pick up my monthly copy of the *British House and Garden* I'm always a mite relieved if the latest American *Popular Mechanics* is there too. English chintz and pansies are nicely counterpoised by U.S. engine-oil additives and workshop gadgets. I enjoy one as much as the other. When you're stuck out this far in the North Atlantic, you become a glutton for U.S. and U.K. magazines. I've seen the States only while passing through, and Britain not at all.

If you were born in the middle of this ocean you become an east-west head-swiveller. Portland, Me., seemed almost as distant and exotic to me as Portland, Dorset. Newfoundland has had a long whiff of both cultures. Just enough to titillate interest in both these great and remote never-never lands. When I was nine, a copy of the *British Boy's Own Annual* found its way into our house at the same time as a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. I was bug-eyed for weeks.

The English tuck shops, the stunned-looking school caps, omnibuses careening out of control toward occupied perambulators, uncles off in Africa single-handedly stopping Hot-tentot uprisings....And the American kitchens right out of Flash Gordon, the real cowboy saddles, 1,000 pages of incredible hardware and dry goods that you could actually buy—if you were an American.

Books are fine for laying the broad outlines of such armchair travels. But if you want to know how people hang their toilet rolls you've got to go to the magazines. The Nazis thought they had England down pat just from reading P.G. Wodehouse but they should have boned up, too, on back issues of *Woman's Own*. From my own long immersion in Brit and Yank maggies I could, for instance, give the Russians many helpful hints to better those mock-up English and American villages at their spy school in Minsk.

I'll bet the KGB doesn't even know

that because the English are congenitally color-blind they always paint the walls of their withdrawing rooms, restaurants, offices and castles a glossy dark blue against which they shove furniture upholstered in bright orange. Or that something called "rising damp" is of much more concern to your average Englishman than the falling pound. Or that a typical English kitchen stove has a cooking top the size of a placemat, which is quite big enough because they subsist entirely on tripe, kidneys, sweetbreads, kippers, scampi and alligator pears.



Great gardeners, though, the English. This spy school, this ersatz Great Pimm's Regis Boghamptonshire, Herts., Berks., Hants., SW I, which the Russians have knocked together on the outskirts of Minsk...I wonder if it's got Englishwomen in gun boots and headscarves permanently mucking about in each backyard? All Englishwomen, from the Queen at Sandringham on down, constantly muck about in muddy back gardens whenever they aren't cooking edible offal on tiny stoves. They chuck, they pitch, they heel in, they dung, they muddle with an inborn horticultural offhandedness that borders on arrogance—and their gardens always look


like *Paradise Regained*. Always muddy, though, because Reggie or Crispin is perpetually positioned up at the front of the house holding a hose on an unlikely looking vehicle which seems to have been crocheted but which is known as the family's new Mini-Minor Estate Wagon.

I suspect, too, that the Russians are just as wide of the mark with their spy school's Anytown, Iowa, U.S.A. Whereas in Great Pimm's Regis, etc., the glory and boast of the total population is that it is technically inept, Americans knock together atomic bombs in the basement on Saturday afternoons. Even a pensionable American widow can stick in a patio complete with barbecue, sundeck and kiddies playground and still have a 98-pound turkey on the table by supper.

The American woman's biggest handicap, apart from being permanently suntanned and mascaraed at birth, is that Chuck or Hank spends every waking hour down in the basement building Early American antiques. Cradles, dry sinks, spinning wheels, covered wagons, weathervanes pour in a steady stream out of the basement workshop which itself is a reproduction of the early Ford plant at Dearborn, Mich.

But the American housewife rises to the occasion. She sticks a microwave oven the size of a space-ship console in the Early American cradle and cooks steaks the size of carpetbags in it. She serves this with (if *Good Housekeeping* can be believed) lettuce, cottage cheese and tinned peach slices!

I never did sink into Canadian magazines. They were always overshadowed, I fear, by the glamor of the American and the fascination of the British journals. Now, of course, we can stop being overawed and buy local without having to force ourselves. It's about time. The first Canadian magazine I'd have even dreamed of sending to either the U.K. or the U.S. for Christmas happens to be the one you're holding now.

And I'd do it, even without the back page. 



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